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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 124.—Vol. X. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, April 18, 1906 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS BENCKENDORFF

Wife of the Russian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's

RECENTLY ON VIEW AT, THE AMATEUR ART SOCIETY

FROM THE DRAWING BY THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY

No 124 —Vol. X.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"The Turk in the Balkans." By T. Comyn Platt. (Alston Rivers: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"Home-made History from Unreliable Recipes." By Hansard Watt. (Alston Rivers: 2*s.* 6*d.*)
"Paris: A Frolic." By Walter Emanuel. (Sisleys, Ltd.: 1*s.* net.)
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"Cassell's Guide to London." (Cassell: 6*d.*)
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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be 1*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
April 18, 1906

Feathered Politics

Two thrushes at Tiverton (Devon) have, it is reported, paired for the season.

* * *

Yesterday, a black swan near Canterbury had no sooner risen to introduce his (Free Worms for Children) Bill, when from all parts of the nest there were loud cries of "'Vide! 'vide!"

* * *

On the departure of a Mail steamer from Southampton on Wednesday, a seagull flew down Below the Gangway and refused to take any notice of the Motion.

* * *

A Buff Orpington at Swanley (Kent) has just had its first experience of an all-night sitting.

* * *

At the next General Migration the Cuckoos are expected to capture a large number of nests at present held by the Egg Theorists.

* * *

At the forthcoming by-election it is confidently anticipated that a parrot will be returned at the top of the Poll.

* * *

A gentleman in Surrey, while speaking to a tame jackdaw, became suddenly the object of an unprovoked attack, the infuriated bird making straight for the Speaker's eye.

* * *

In view of the large increase in what may be called "freak eggs" noted from time to time in the Press, the Feathered Biped Reform League is making strong representations in favour of "one egg, one yolk."

* * *

Our Weekly Apology Column

Recently we have had the misfortune to offend the susceptibilities of readers who cannot see a name in these columns without imagining that reference is being made to them. THE BYSTANDER is the last person in the world to seek to slight people, but soon we shall be apologising something after this fashion:—

Sir Thomas O'Flaherty Atkins, M.D., the well-known authority on skin diseases, has written complaining of an allusion made to him in a recent issue of THE BYSTANDER. He resents the familiarity with which his Christian name has been handled, and points out that he has never been called "Tommy," even by his wife. He further states that he was never in the Army, and never had anything to do with that branch of the Service beyond once attending a patient who was an officer in the Guards. I was under the impression that the name "Tommy Atkins" was beginning to be recognised as a generic name for the soldiers (other than commissioned officers) of His Majesty's Army, and I take the earliest opportunity of assuring the eminent specialist that I used the name (perhaps somewhat rashly) in that sense alone, and without any intention to allude to any specific individual—military or otherwise In apologising to Sir Thomas for any annoyance which my allusion may have unwittingly caused him, I venture upon the expression of a hope that he has not been disappointed in his laudable attempt to remind me and the readers of THE BYSTANDER of the fact of his existence.

KEEPER *(who does not like hunting-men):* "Ullo! Otter 'unting?"

Dr. Flailham, of the Weals, Birchington, writes to say that at his private school for the sons of gentlemen, there are two pupils of the name of Smith, and that the statement in a recent issue of THE BYSTANDER to the effect that the younger of the two—Smith Minor—once interpreted the words *gemino ab ovo* as meaning "from a genuine egg" is wholly untrue. He regards the allegation as an aspersion upon his world-wide reputation as a teacher of the classics, and points out that no pupil of his could ever have been guilty of such a "howler." In the circumstances, I can only express my regret for having caused, by the use of the uncommon name of Smith, a misunderstanding which I ought to have been more careful to guard against by employing some more vague appellation—such as Brown or Jones.

Sunday Afternoon with the Motor-less

By F. M. FENN

"It is not so much that I condemn it on religious grounds, though that, of course, is regrettable enough, but it destroys Sunday in the best sense of the word."

Lady Patricia Stubbs was sitting in her deserted drawing-room on a fine Sunday afternoon—deserted, that is to say, except for Miss Olive Mordaunt, who, despite her picturesque name, didn't count, being only the seventh daughter of a country parson.

"That awful bicycle craze some twelve or fifteen years ago, of course, died out, as it was bound to do. No one thinks of a bicycle now—— "

"I use mine a lot in the country," said Miss Mordaunt.

"Oh, in the country—yes, of course—but I wasn't talking about you, dear, or about bicycles!"

"I am sorry," said Miss Mordaunt, "I only thought——"

"What I was talking about was this awful motor craze. It's terrible, and I wish I could see any signs of its dying out."

"Don't you like motors?"

"In their place, my dear; but we are being crushed, ruined, and socially demoralised by motor-cars. And now, so far from the pests diminishing, I only see on the horizon a cloud not much bigger than a man's hand at present, my dear; but it will grow until it darkens the country. The only man who thinks he's doing any good to the country now is the man who succeeds in making two motors grow where one grew before. Talk about the Yellow Peril. It is nothing compared with the motor peril."

"I don't see why it matters so much," said Miss Mordaunt.

"Some of us have not got motor-cars," said Lady Patricia, darkly. "Some of us would not have them even if we could. And what is the result? Only a short time since this drawing-room would have been crowded every Sunday afternoon, but now where are all the young men and women who should be here? They are careering wildly about the country, looking hideous and utterly oblivious of the fact that they have social duties. It is a most painful sign of the times. If you do not own a car in these days, you are deserted in the outer darkness. It may be very good for the people who do have cars. They get air and exercise. They see the country. That is not the point. Think of us. This street teems with houses where women like myself are sitting in deserted drawing-rooms. No young men are to be found nowadays on Sunday until they plunge back into town from Bath or Bournemouth and want to dine at the fashionable restaurants."

"You should make them take you out for a run."

"I quite enjoy, of course, a quiet stroll in a car," said Lady Patricia, "but some of these people are not content unless they go ten or even fifteen miles an hour."

"Mr. Vallance says that anything under thirty miles an hour is all 'boodle,'" said Miss Mordaunt, modestly.

"He would," said Lady Patricia, sternly. "But whatever the pace the result is that London is deserted on a Sunday, and where it will all end goodness knows. This is only the beginning. It is difficult to make up a bridge party. The park is given over to unsatisfactory people, and we sit here like—like those women who let furnished apartments, or like spiders waiting in vain for flies. Four or five years ago my house was a noted one for engagements to be made in."

"Is that what Mr. Vallance meant when he said it was a noted jumping-off ground for girls."

"The use of slang is one of the many minor evils which motoring brings in its train, but I could always be sure of settling at least three girls each season. Mothers used to beg me to invite their daughters, but now—oh, it is pitiable!"

"But, perhaps," said Miss Mordaunt timidly, "people, if they want to, can meet in other ways, even on motors. Times change."

"Always for the worse."

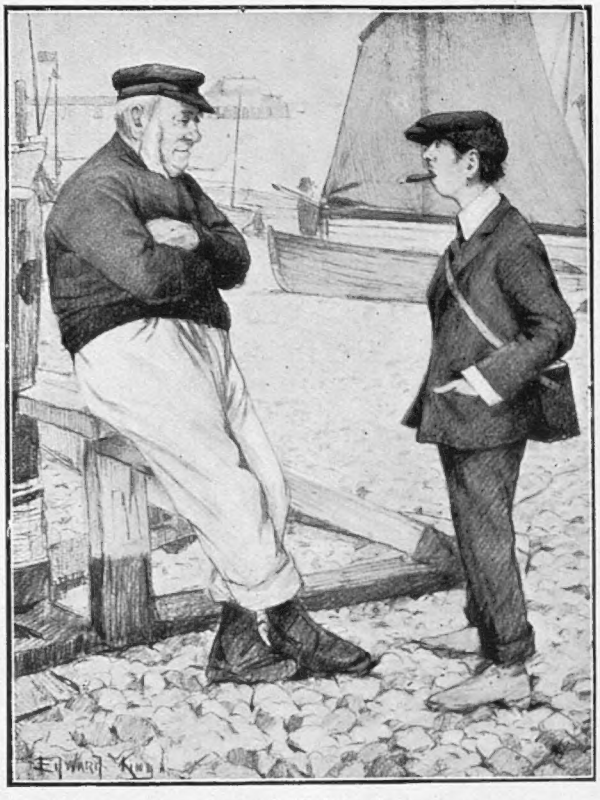
"Still, some girls marry even in bad times."

"I don't know what girls do nowadays. I don't like to let myself think."

A loud "Toot-toot" sounded outside, and a faint aroma of petrol floated up. Lady Patricia glared at the girl with a stony glare. A footman entered.

"Mr. Vallance has called to know if Miss Mordaunt is ready to come for a drive in his motor."

Miss Mordaunt blushed.



Athirst for Information

COCKNEY (*who has been watching a school of porpoises, to Old Boatman*): "I say, old chap, where do they come from?"

OLD BOATMAN (*tired of answering questions*): "Come from? Why, they lets 'em out of Brighton Aquarium for exercise, and if yer waits yer'll see 'em swim back"

The Topictator

THE EASTER HOLIDAYS FROM DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW

The Coming Academy

It is always so difficult to make any reference to the Academy pictures before they have been sent to that home of British art, for one inevitably runs the risk of setting one's whole affections on a picture which one decides is the undoubted masterpiece of the year, and then hearing that at the judging it has been ignominiously rejected. "Outside" experience of the Academy had always led me to

Photo *Thomson*

Mr. J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.

believe that, at any rate, "outsiders'" pictures were hung if (1) the frame was nice, (2) a niche on the wall turned up which the picture just fitted, (3) the subject of the picture had been treated in accordance with academic tradition; but a great, and awfully pompous R.A. once told me that the Hanging Committee spend sleepless, almost foodless, days and nights judging every picture on its merits, so, of course, I believed him, in spite of appearances being strongly to the contrary.

* * *

A Good Year

Judging, however, from the few pictures I have been privileged to see on the two Show Sundays, we are going to have a rather better show than usual this year at Burlington House. We are, anyway, to have the usual excitement of a problem-picture from the Hon. John Collier. He has called it: "Indeed, indeed, repentance oft I swore," and has depicted a beautiful woman, a study in gold and flame, gazing thoughtfully into the fire. There are lots of people to whom, quite apart from the intrinsic value of the picture as a painting, such subjects appeal irresistibly, and, doubtless, Mr. Collier remembers this commercial fact.

One of the chief allegorical pictures of the year is Mr. Herbert Draper's "Morning Star," and Miss Henrietta Rae's "Echo" is also allegorical. Miss Rae is also sending a portrait of Lady Tenterden, and, indeed, the Academy this year will be largely composed of portraits, such a number are being sent in. Mr. H. G. Riviere, the son of Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., who himself sends two pictures—a portrait of Professor Frank Clowes and a landscape—is sending two portraits, one of the Bishop

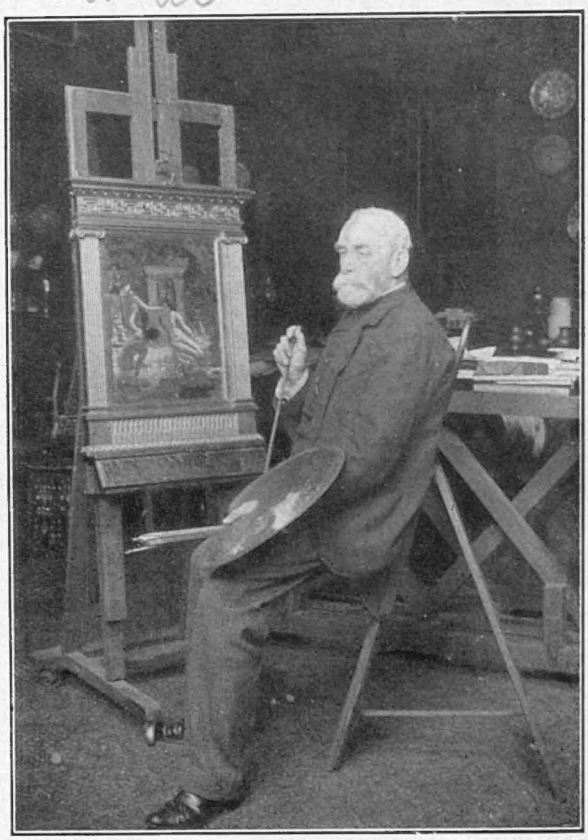


Photo *Thomson*

Sir Edward J. Poynter, President of the Royal Academy

of Ripon, and the other of Miss Genevieve Ward. Mr. Wolfram Onslow Ford has a portrait of the Common Serjeant, Mr. F. A. Bosanquet, K.C. Mr. A. Chevalier Tayler is sending no less than three portraits, consisting of Mr. E. W. Hornung, Mr. F. E. Lacey (the secretary of the Marylebone Cricket Club), and Lady Aline Vivian.

The R.A.'s, fortunately for the "outsiders," seem this year to be sending fewer pictures than usual. Six is their limit, but few are sending more than three. The President, Sir Edward J. Poynter, will have a portrait of the Duchess of Northumberland

and a water-colour of "Belinda." The title of Sir Laurence Alma Tadema's elaborate composition is "Ask me no More," from Tennyson's "Princess," and Mr. G. A. Storey has chosen the painter-beloved subject of "Leda and the Swan" for his picture. Mr. Alfred East and Mr. David Murray both send several landscapes, and Mr. S. J. Solomon and Mr. Seymour Lucas are each sending four or five portraits, the former having painted one of his daughter, of Sir Aston Webb, R.A., and of Lord Davey.

* * *

"The Strong Man of the Academy"

Neither Mr. Abbey nor Mr. Sargent allowed their pictures to be viewed this year; but, as for the latter, when the moment comes, it will be found that none of the combined strength and flamboyance, for which his pictures are famous, will be found wanting.

Photo *Pundy*

Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A.

The son of a doctor in Boston, Mr. Sargent has made his reputation in London, and the City, it follows, is the dearer to him. A musician of remarkable gifts, and, though a shy man, a talker of brilliant qualities when the mood is on him, he has other claims to admiration besides that bestowed on his painting. Mr. Sargent, it may be told, allows himself the luxury of one or two eccentricities. When engaged in important work, he will suddenly "make away with himself"—as his friends style his apparent disappearance from mortal ken—but only for a few days, and will retire to paint in peace, no one knows where, until he suddenly returns and discloses his hiding-place. In London, he rejoices in two studios—one in Chelsea dedicated to work only, and another at his house in Tote Street, where he works and plays too. Born in Florence, he studied in Germany and Italy and France. To Carolus Duran, of all his masters, it is very evident he owes the most. Most of his leisure he passes at Broadway, that wonderfully preserved old Cromwellian village in Worcestershire, where nothing, they say, is ever born, and nothing ever quite dies. Here he has for neighbours such sympathetic souls as Lord and Lady Elcho, Miss Mary Anderson, and Miss Maude Valerie White.

O. K. V.

Photo] **THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS: NAPLES UNDER A STORM OF CINDERS** *[G. Romano*

The present eruption is far worse than the famous outbreak in 1872, and telegrams to hand at the time of writing speak of whole towns being destroyed

ROUND THE TOWN

that home of British art for

"Nature Records of the Week"

To-morrow, Primrose Day, no less than ten weddings have been fixed to take place, half of which number are military and two naval. The former includes that of Captain R. W. S. Stanton, son of General Sir Edward Stanton, and Miss Margaret Hill, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. H. F. Hill, of Scarborough; and the marriage of Mr. Richard Dalrymple Fanshawe, Scots Guards, son of Vice-Admiral Sir A. Dalrymple Fanshawe, and Miss Constance K. Barker-Starkey, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. S. Barker-Starkey, of Aldenham Park, Shropshire.

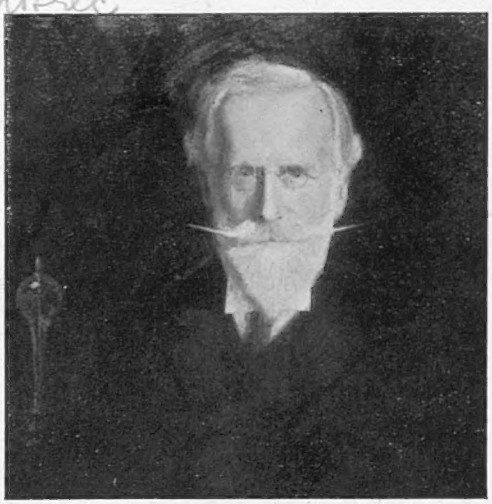
We are so often offered payment by people to publish announcements of engagements, forthcoming weddings, and other matters of social interest, that the Editor wishes it to be understood that all such announcements, as well as photographs of the parties concerned, are published without charge, provided they be of sufficient general interest. News and photographs suggested as suitable for publication in these pages should be addressed to the Society Editor, THE BYSTANDER, *Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C.*

The two naval weddings are those of Commander Charles Fremantle, R.N., son of the Hon. Sir Charles Fremantle, and Miss Margaret Wedderburn, daughter of Sir William Wedderburn; and Staff-Surgeon H Stephens, R.N., and Miss Julia Fenwick, daughter of Major Fenwick.

On Saturday, the marriage of Lord Hugh Grosvenor, 1st Life Guards, and Lady Mabel Crichton, will be solemnised at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Lord Hugh Grosvenor is the eldest of the two sons of Katherine, Duchess of Westminster and the late Duke, and although he is five years younger than the present Duke of Westminster, is nevertheless his uncle.

On the same day, Miss Marie Bailey is to marry Mr. W. P. Robertson, and on Monday, at the Brompton Oratory, Count Carlo Dentice di Frasso, younger brother of Prince Liugi Frasso Dentice, of Rome, will marry Miss Georgina Wild, niece of Mrs. Henry Seigel, of New York. It is probable that Mr. Whitelaw Reid will attend as witness for the bride, while the new Italian Ambassador will perform the same office for the bridegroom.

On Tuesday next, the 24th, the Hon. A. Henley is to be married to the Hon. Sylvia Stanley, daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley, at Alderley, Cheshire; and on the same day, in Northumberland, the wedding of Lieutenant E. T. Inman, R.N., and Miss May Inez Coulson will take place.



Sir William Crookes

The famous scientist, who has just celebrated his golden wedding. His work has been of so varied a character that probably only chemists could confidently say which of his chemical investigations had borne most fruit

The London Season

The London season, so far, has consisted of children's parties, a few weddings, lots of Liberals, several lunches at Claridge's, and an almost overwhelming amount of Plato served up hot *à la duchesse Reich.* Débutantes and the like are rather building on the return of the Prince and Princess of Wales to make things go a little, but, personally, I am not at all sure that they intend to start entertaining and going out the moment they reach home. Letters from Cairo say that the Princess looks rather tired and is considerably thinner than when she left home last year, and, though I do not for a moment suppose that she will do so, it is believed that she would dearly love to spend two or three months rusticating down at Sandringham with her children.

* * *

Countess de Benckendorff

Countess de Benckendorff, a sketch of whom, by the Marchioness of Granby, forms the subject of our frontispiece this week, is one of the most delightful of the *diplomates* now in London. Good-looking, highly artistic, and interested in all that goes forward in other worlds besides the one into which she was born, the wife of the Russian Ambassador goes a great deal into that society most frequented by the "Souls." She and her distinguished-looking husband own enormous estates in Russia, and are among the optimists as to the future of their country. The Count is a *persona grata* at the Russian Court, and both have become very popular in the city of their temporary adoption.

* * *

Point-to-Point Racing

A delightful finishing touch to the hunting season is given by the point-to-point races, and the various meetings during the past few weeks have been particularly successful, thanks to the favourable weather which has prevailed for the most part. It is to be feared that point-to-point racing has in the past been open to several abuses, but now that malpractices are brought directly under the jurisdiction of the National Hunt Committee, we should see far less of the weedy racehorse and

Chancellors, Present and—Future?

Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg

Whose name has been mentioned as probable successor to Prince Buelow should the Chancellor be forced by ill-health to resign

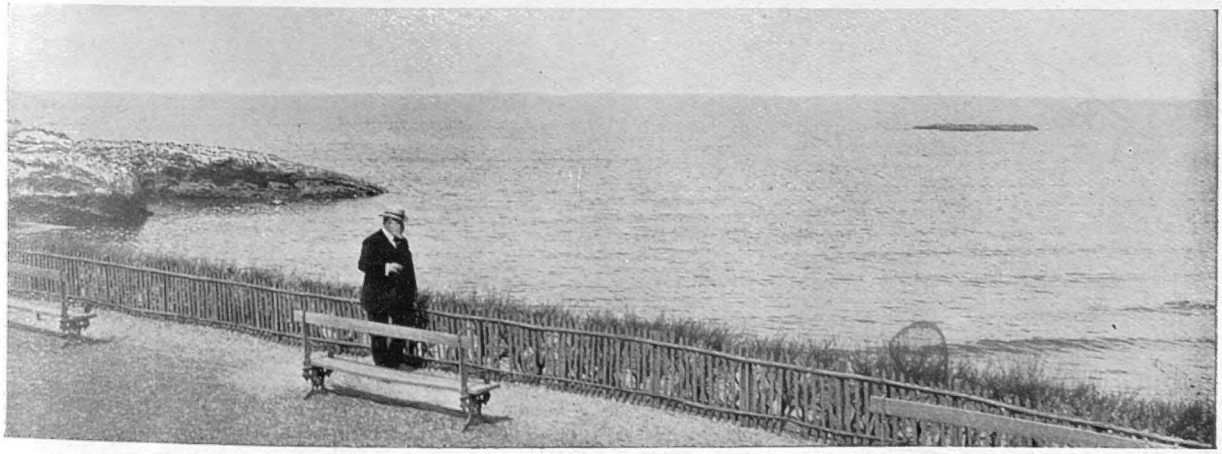
Prince von Buelow, the German Imperial Chancellor

Who was seized with a fainting fit in the Reichstag while delivering the official view of German policy in Morocco

more of the genuine hunter. It should be remembered that the point-to-point event is not run for the benefit of horses whose proper sphere is the flat-racing or steeplechasing arena. On the contrary, it is a race for hunters pure and simple. Horses which have been hunting together during the season are given the chance of proving their respective merits over a natural country, and members of the Hunt and the farmers are able to show their capacity for choosing the best line. There is a tendency to make point-to-point racing as much like steeplechasing as possible, with its attending evils of big crowds, bookmakers, and the "boys"! This destroys much of the genuine sporting spirit of the affairs, and Masters of Hounds would do well to preserve in every practicable direction the natural characters of the meetings. One of the best gatherings of the present month was that in connection with the Cheshire Hunt. The races were run over four miles of natural hunting country, encircling Saighton Grange, the residence of Mr. George Wyndham and Countess Grosvenor. The Duke of Westminster was among the winners, his good hunter, Wedge, carrying him to victory in the Welter Race.

The Connaught Trips

It is possible, though not altogether probable, that Princess Patricia of Connaught, on the conclusion of her stay in Stockholm with her sister, Princess Margaret of Sweden, may go down to Madrid to be present at her cousin's wedding. Princess "Patsy," as she is called *en famille*, has enjoyed herself hugely in South Africa. Like her brother, Prince Arthur, the Princess is extremely English, and has been heard to express the wish that she might marry a commoner—a course Prince Arthur would gladly have pursued some little time ago, when he fell a victim to an acute *penchant* for a very charming and well-known beauty in London Society. In the end, he will, of course, have to marry a Princess of the blood, but, meantime, before he returns home to receive, it is thought, special recognition of his services in Japan from the King, he has been enjoying himself in Canada. Prince Arthur, naturally shy in manner, like his mother, and with a slight limp, is very clever, and quite a favourite with the King. When working at the Regent's Park Barracks, he was a great favourite with his brother-officers, who, most of all, appreciated his utter lack of "side."



The Joys of Solitude: The King at Biarritz

His Majesty, one day at Biarritz, enjoyed the—for him—unique sensation of taking a walk entirely alone

Prince Arthur "Fishing Quietly"

Prince Arthur in Canada

In the Dominion, Prince Arthur has apparently had as good a reception everywhere as his father and mother have had in Africa. And he also got some very good sport. It must have been good, especially the fishing, for I noticed that the special correspondent of one of the dailies sent a special cable to England to the sole effect that Prince Arthur was "fishing quietly" somewhere in British Columbia. In what other way, I wonder, is Royalty expected to fish? With pomp and circumstance and a blare and flare of trumpets, in order that the innocent fishlets may know that a Royal personage is angling for them, and behave accordingly?

* * *

Photo *Lafayette*

Prince Arthur of Connaught

Who, according to a correspondent, has recently been "fishing quietly" in Canada

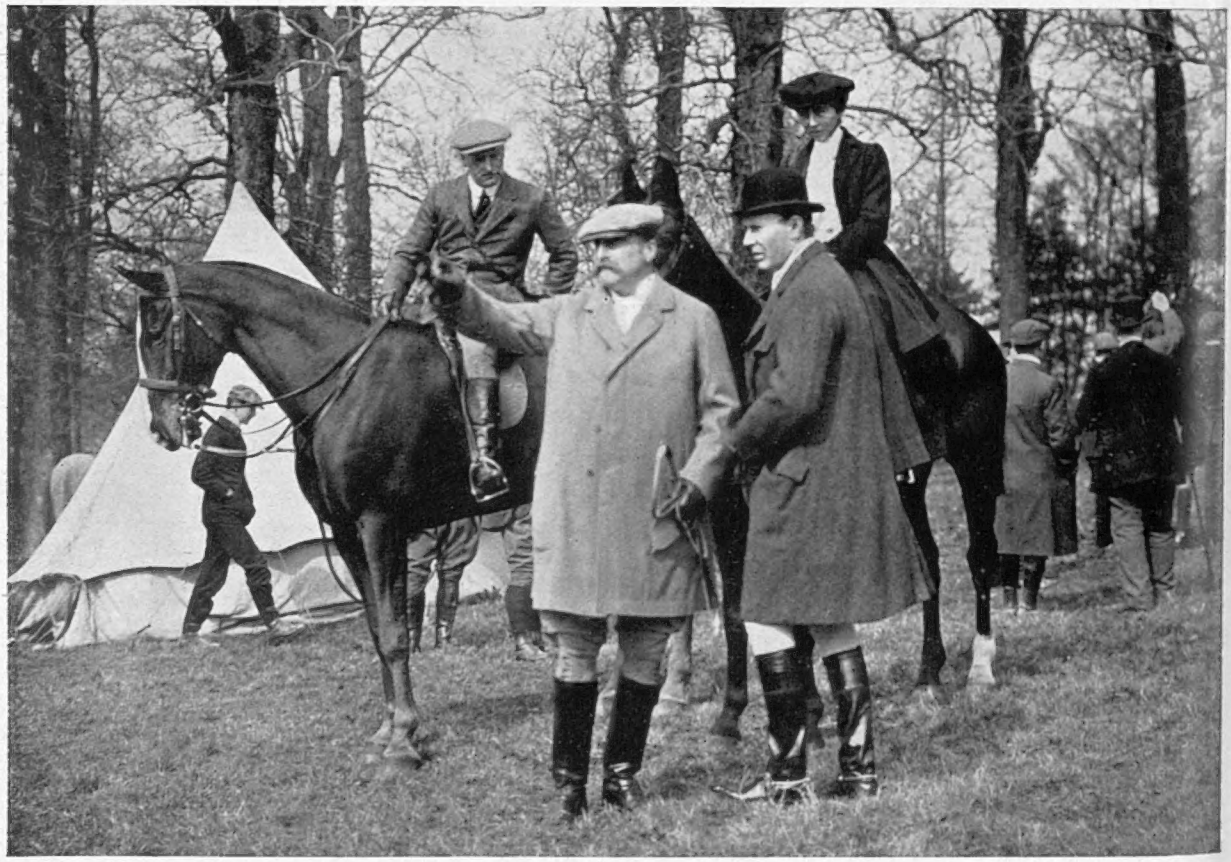
An Aristocratic Recruit

It is confidently rumoured that Lady Angela Forbes intends to swell the ranks of stage recruits by going in for acting seriously and professionally. Lady Angela is very keen on playing "Lady Algy" to Mr. Charles Hawtrey's "Lord Algy" in the popular piece, *Lord and Lady Algy*, and I believe there is a probability of its being played at the Haymarket this season. Lady Angela, if she carries out her intention, will be only following the example of her brother, the Earl of Rosslyn. The Rosslyn family, indeed, had their lines been cast a little lower down, socially speaking, would, without doubt, all have become members of the histrionic profession. Lady Angela is, of course, the youngest sister of the Duchess of Sutherland and the Countess of Westmorland, and a half-sister of the Countess of Warwick, whose oratorical powers in the cause of Socialism, from the tops of tubs and things in the East End, are still in the public memory.

* * *

Interruptions

The Duchess of Sutherland is, perhaps, the most intellectual of all Blanche, Lady Rosslyn's daughters, and is not at all averse to making a little speech when the occasion serves. A week or two ago, she was giving away the prizes at a little party given by Lady De borough in connection with the literary classes which Lady Desborough has been holding at her house for her children and those of a few friends. The Duchess was interesting the children very much, and there was an attentive silence on the part of the youngsters, broken suddenly by a baby voice saying,



The Point-to-Point Faces Season

The Cheshire Hunt, showing the Duke of Westminster (on foot, wearing billycock hat), the Duchess of Westminster, the Earl of Enniskillen, and Mr. Lindsay Fitzpatrick

Lady Angela as "Lady Algy"

Photo [*Lallie Charles*

Lady Angela Forbes

Who, according to rumour, is about to step from the amateur to the professional stage... Lady Angela, in so doing, will be following the example of her brother, the Earl of Rosslyn, and will probably make her *début* as Lady Algy in *Lord and Lady Algy*

The King's Physician

peremptorily, "Hush!" and shaking a severely admonitory finger at the mother on whose knee she sat. The baby was little Miss Asquith, aged three, and the reproved mother, of course, Mrs. Asquith, who, as the original "Dodo," is a conversationalist of no mean powers, and is rather given to airing her gifts in this direction. Needless to say, the whole roomful of people, grown-ups and children, all burst out laughing, and, knowing Mrs. Asquith, enjoyed the little joke against her tremendously. Mrs. Asquith, by the way, was one of the few hostesses who gave dances before Easter, and, as it was entirely a boy-and-girl affair, the young people got a look-in, for once!

* * *

An Etonian Socialist

Having spoken of Lady Warwick's Socialist leanings reminds me that the latest recruit to the ranks of Socialism hails from the uttermost stronghold of aristocratic "Whiggery." The nineteen-year-old son of Lord Ribblesdale, the Hon. C. A. Lister, has confessed to the representative of a North Country paper that he is a Socialist. It would be interesting to know when this serious young sprig of nobility intends to start carrying out the spirit of his creed and giving all he hath to the poor. I remember, during the Election, Lady Warwick went to great trouble explaining why she *had* to wear a Paris frock and drive an awfully smart red motor; doubtless, if the vast Ribblesdale estates at Gisburn, Lancashire, are not cut up in plots for the poor immediately the youthful Socialist inherits his own, things will have to be explained in the same way.

* * *

The King's Physicians

The King's perfect health and his absence from England mean that his surgeons can, if they wish, take a holiday themselves. Sir Frederick Treves does not practise so much now as formerly, but Sir Alfred Fripp is still one of the hardest working of men, and I hear that he, too, intends to do a little yachting The envious will have it that Sir Alfred Fripp, Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John and Jerusalem, and Surgeon to the King, owes his enviable position to luck. Whilst it is true that Sir Alfred's fairy godmother did not fail to keep a watchful eye on him, the fact remains that he has worked with an enthusiasm and untiring energy which would have won him his spurs without the intervention of any godmother, fairy or no. It is now many years ago that the late Duke of Clarence, quartered at York with his regiment, put his ankle out rather badly. The Duke's soldier servant ran round to six of the town doctors on the morning that the accident occurred, and all were out. But the seventh, the unknown Mr. Alfred Fripp, was in, and came at once to the Duke's "digs" to attend to him. The King—then, of course, Prince of Wales—came to visit his son during his enforced laying-up, when the young surgeon was in constant attendance upon him. "I like that young Fripp," the Prince said one morning to his equerry in an undertone. Aloud he said, "What hospital do you belong to, Fripp?" "Guy's, your Royal Highness," was the answer. "I shall see that you get on," remarked the Prince. And—well, he did. For the list of great things, professionally speaking, that he has done, my readers have only to consult "Who's Who?" To-day there is scarcely a "difficult" surgical case to which Sir Alfred is not called in for an opinion. He not long ago operated on the Duchess of Sutherland; and with Mrs. Arthur Paget's case, one of exquisite difficulty, he specially triumphed, and, if the truth be told, has shown that he can put the Berlin surgeons to shame. Although he has the most charming "bedside" manner, there is yet very little of the conventional medico about Sir Alfred. He married his wife, Miss Margaret Heywood, of Reigate, when she was in the schoolroom, a leap in the dark which he declares to be the most satisfactory he ever took! Among his friends the famous surgeon numbers some of the most distinguished men and women of the day.

Photo *Lafayette*

Sir Alfred Fripp

One of the King's physicians, and the most hard-working of men

Photo *Esslemont*

Sir Frederick Treves

The celebrated King's physician

* * *

Cruising in the Mediterranean

Whether or no the example set by their Majesties of cruising in the Mediterranean has made fashionable this most delightful of pastimes I do not know, but it is certain that during the last few weeks there have been more yachts cruising down in the South than has been the case for many years. The Duke and Duchess of Portland are cruising in the Mediterranean on board the Duke of Sutherland's yacht, the *Catania*, and do not intend to return to England until Whitsuntide, which they will spend at Welbeck Abbey. The Duke and Duchess of Leeds are also yachting down in the South with their daughter, Lady Gwendoline Osborne, and Lord Rosebery's yacht *Zaida* has been cruising all round Sicily, and is now at Posilipo, near Naples, where Lord Rosebery also

THE SOCIAL LADDER

"But she is rising in the social scale?"

"Distinctly. She gets snubbed by a better class of people each succeeding season."

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

Mr. Birrell and His Critics

Photo *Haines*
Archbishop Bourne
Representing the Catholic Party

Photo *Beresford*
Lord Hugh Cecil
Representing the High Church Party

indeed, is it for "C.-B." and Mr. Birrell to reconcile such diverse elements as the Establishment, the Roman Church, the Broad Church, High Church, and Nonconformity, as represented by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Bourne, Canon Hensley Henson, Lord Hugh Cecil, and Dr. Clifford. Each group has its wishes as to the settlement of the thorny question, and one group, that of Dr. Clifford, has its will, and its political power is one no Statesman can afford to despise —least of all the Premier. Thus, some very extra special stroking,

Photo *Thomson*
The Right Hon. A. Birrell, K.C., M.P.
President of the Board of Education, who has to satisfy the conflicting claims of Catholics, High Churchmen, Broad Churchmen, and Nonconformists

much smooth speaking, and many ejaculations of "good dog," have been called for from the Premier during the awkward week just passed. Without embarking on politics, I must say that I am more and more inclined to congratulate the Liberals on their Premier Whatever dire differences may go on behind the walls of Downing Street, they are never reflected on his rubicund and smiling countenance. Let the Treasury and the officers of State squabble never so much among themselves, "C.-B." can always present to the outer world the spectacle of entire unity and amiability—save always when confronted with Balfourian subtleties. Then—the deluge!

will stay until late in May. The Duke of Somerset has also much enjoyed his yachting cruise in the Mediterranean with Lord and Lady Brassey, but he returned to England in time to spend Easter with the Duchess and a family party at Maiden Bradley.

* * *

Our Soothing Premier

The photograph which we are publishing of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman engaged in the genial pursuit of stroking a pet dog is suggestive at once of the Premier's domestic and his political nature. To stroke, to caress, to soothe, has been more than ever his duty during the troubled week that has just passed, when the Government's Education Bill has been subjected to the merciless criticism of creeds in conflict. A formidable task,

"Birrelling"

As for Mr. Birrell, for the first time, really, in his admirable career has that amiable *littérateur* found himself seriously assailed by brother politicians. Author of the delightful "*Obiter Scripta*" and other essays, he had an agreeable reputation as a wit, both out of the House and in—a reputation which is often supposed to be fatal to a politician's Cabinet chances. If, however, after his legislative experiences, he should ever be heard to "birrell" again the world will be as surprised as it will be pleased. BYSTANDER.

Photo *Beresford*
Canon Hensley Henson
Representing the Broad Church Party

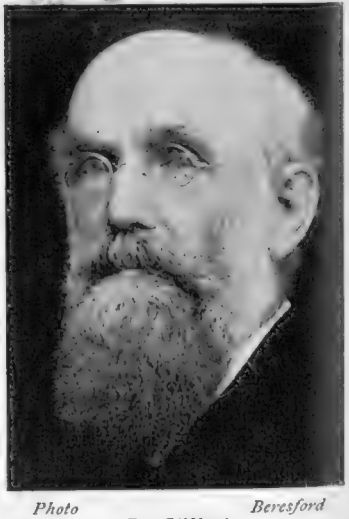


Photo *Beresford*
Dr. Clifford
Representing the Nonconformist Party

Our Genial Premier

Photo *Milne and Son*

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman stroking a pet dog at Belmont Castle, his seat in Scotland

The PLAYHOUSES

Comedy Theatre

THE DRUMS OF OUDE—PUNCH—JOSEPHINE

It is pleasant to be given a triple bill at the theatre. It is a form of entertainment which we enjoy but seldom. The reason for this, it must be confessed, lies with the public. I have no sympathy with those who decry things merely because they are British, but that the British taste in drama leans to heaviness cannot be gainsaid. The public likes much for their money. Their first demand is for quantity—then for quality. A triple bill may fairly be likened to a volume of short stories. One story frequently gives a title to the volume, and there is a class of reader who, receiving such a book from a library, bears it away unsuspiciously, and expresses disappointment at the discovery of its nature. Such persons form a goodly section of the modern English play-going public. They actually console themselves for a dreary play with the reflection that, at any rate, they have had a good deal for their money. A piece which plays but two hours, however amusing it be, they regard as something of a fraud. They like snippets in their newspapers, but the snippet drama has not, so far, caught on.

At the St. James's Theatre

BILL: "Nah then, M'ria. Don't you get a fallin' over. Pit's three bob nah, and don't yer fergit it"

His Plays in Order

At the Comedy Theatre the order of the three plays is just as it should be. The weakest of the three plays occupies the middle place. Mr. Barrie's *Punch* is a most unhappy piece of fooling. Mr. Shaw has made fun of so many convictions, laws, principles, and persons, that the name "Superpunch" on the programme raised pleasing hopes that the mocker was about to be mocked at. One feels sorry for Mr. Barrie after witnessing *Punch* It is so feeble that it will probably provoke no retort from Mr. Shaw. It is a poor piece of ragging which cannot raise the faintest show of resistance on the part of the victim. The Shaw play of dialogue which has almost talked to death the poor old drama of action typified by Punch, makes a situation worthy of happier treatment than Mr. Barry has given it. It is a mere scenario-pudding, into which Mr. Barrie has omitted to drop the plums. So we will pass, if you please, to *Josephine*, where the political situation is in the place occupied by Mr. Shaw in the former play. Herein Mr. Barrie is as felicitous as before he was unhappy.

An Exquisite Bit of Fooling

Strangely enough, too, the subject, or rather the object, is a far more difficult one to tackle. Yet the playwright has brought down the more elusive game at the longer range. The public is fond of a political skit. If they do not go and see *Josephine*, they will miss a gem of satire. It is so good that it is almost educational. It supplies large gaps in the knowledge of the man who merely skims his newspaper, and so gets rather muddled at times by the shifts and turns of the political situation. *Josephine* ought to be a permanent play, revised every few months or so by the author. If this happy state of affairs came to be, one might skip Parliamentary reports and leading articles with the pleasant knowledge that an evening spent in witnessing *Josephine* would make good all deficiencies. Mr. Chamberlain, who, in a long public life, has never been free from the pleasant pin-pricks of the caricaturist, has never been so completely and exquisitely caricatured. The serio-comic passages between Mr. Dion Boucicault as Jo—sephine and Mr. Graham Brown as James (Balfour) are unspeakably funny. *The Drums of Oude* is a stirring little piece.

Mr. Alexander and the Pittites

I have had several letters from correspondents endorsing the adverse views I expressed upon Mr. George Alexander's policy in raising the price of the pit at the St. James's Theatre to three shillings. Now an artist weighs in with a joke upon the subject. One realises now the gravity with which Mr. Alexander's action is viewed by the theatre-going public

E. C. S.

"Punch"

Mr Dion Boucicault as Punch

Mr A. E. Anson as Superpunch

Miss Eva Moore as Judy.

and

"Josephine"

Miss Grace Lane as Fair

Mr Dion Boucicault as Josephine.

Mr Louis Calvert as Mr Buller

Mr A. E. Matthews as Andrew.

Mr Graham Brown as James

Two New Plays by J. M. Barrie at the Comedy Theatre.

DRAWN BY CHARLES R. SYKES

A Contrast in Costumes at the Aldwych

The quaint garments of our grandmamma's day

Dancers in *The Beauty of Bath*: The Frolic of the Breezes

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Mr. Seymour Hicks and the "Bath Buns" in modern costume

"THE BEAUTY OF BATH" AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE

"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE"

EVERYBODY has heard of "Christian Science," and most people have derided it, but the fact is not generally known that this faith is obtaining a deep hold on an enormous number of people in London Society. In fact, the mainstay of the creed, so enthusiastically championed by Mrs. Eddy, is the aristocratic and wealthy section of the community who form the principal part of the congregations at the churches now devoted to it

Mrs. Eddy, foundress of "Christian Science"

The redoubtable American pioneer, whose vigour and enthusiasm have at last succeeded in arousing many of the members of the aristocracy and wealthy classes

Society's Conversion to "Christian Science"

One would have supposed that the stoniest of places on which could fall the seeds of such a creed as Christian Science would be the West End of London. The belief that in religious faith is to be found the only cure for physical suffering has been ridiculed by most people, but chief among the scoffers, surely, one would expect to be the aristocracy and wealthy classes of this land who combine with religious scepticism the power to pay the heaviest of doctor's bills, or to take the costliest of cures.

Strange, therefore, is it to record that it is in "Society" that Mrs. Eddy's curious faith has made the most substantial progress on this side of the Atlantic, and not amongst the supposedly ignorant and superstitious proletariat. Society has taken to Christian Science, not because of arguments launched in its favour, or as a result of diatribes against Dowie, and hooligan excesses of the Carrie Nation species, but because Society has seen with its own eyes its miraculous achievements; has witnessed cures, not of stage invalids and circus-tent weaklings at the hands of clowning charlatans, but of members of its own sets, people actually known to it, by the simple efficacy of faith and prayer.

Church in Wilbraham Street, Sloane Square

There are now three churches in London, with a congregation drawn largely from the ranks of wealthy and notable people

How the Movement Came to Us

Christian Science came among us in 1895, when some ten or twelve people met together in a little flat near Baker Street—in the heart of West-End residence-land. When they had increased to about sixteen, the seating capacity of the room was strained to its uttermost, and the services were transferred to the small hall in the Portman Rooms. Another large increase, and it became necessary to take possession of the old Jewish synagogue in Bryanston Street, and remodel it into a Christian Science church.

For six years, this church remained the centre of the faith in London, and from it were formed other churches in Manchester, Edinburgh, and Dublin. So crowded became the congregations, that the aisles and staircases were blocked, and it was necessary to make another move—this time to a site in Wilbraham Street, Sloane Square, the building seen in our illustration, which has since remained the head-quarters, though there has been added another church in London—at Richmond—making three in all. The Wilbraham Street Church has about four hundred and fifty members, but can now hold six hundred, and is expected to be able to accommodate sixteen hundred when the extensions are completed.

The Only Religion Twenty Years Hence!

This extraordinary progress of the Christian Science movement in London is not, as may be superficially supposed, the result of an increasing curiosity, such as would attract people, perhaps, to a Moslem mosque

The Bible of the Faith-Healers

or Buddhist temple if opened to the public. The members of the Christian Science churches are actual *believers*. Until they are convinced by practical demonstration, they do not enter the Church. When, however, they are converted, their sincerity for the cause and energy in its propagation surpasses that of any known sect; for side by side with religious belief marches the knowledge of the actual power to alleviate physical suffering. So great has been its progress that it is the fond forecast of enthusiasts that in twenty years time Christian Science will be the sole surviving Christian religion in England.

The Last Resort

The social success of Christian Science and its espousal by the wealthy classes may suggest to some the Bishop in a shipwreck, who, on hearing the captain say that "he could only trust in Providence to save them," exclaimed, "Is it as bad as all that?" Perhaps you will apply that to the aristocratic invalid who, having called in all the doctors, and sampled all the cures, and all the fads, takes to Christian Science and appeals to Providence as the last resort of the desperate.

An "Incurable" Cured

In many cases, of course, the faith has only been adopted by people otherwise found "incurable." There was, for instance, the case of one of the best-known Society women. For years, said doctors, she was suffering from some internal trouble, and in an operation lay her only chance of a cure. She went home to feed up for the ordeal, and while doing so, a friend recommended her to try Christian Science. She did this, although all arrangements for her operation went on, and a house in London was taken. Three weeks or so later she came up to town, and during those few weeks she had been reading "Science and Health" and had been treated at a distance by a healer. When the surgeon (one of the foremost of the day and well known to you) saw her preparatory to the operation, he found there was nothing to operate on, and that she was absolutely cured; since then she has been a firm Scientist.

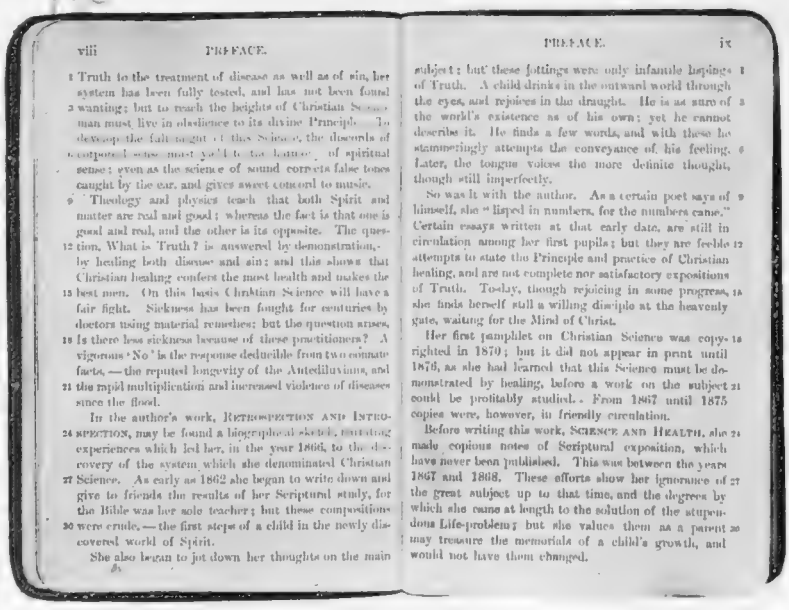
Photo *Window and Grove*

Mr. David Bispham

The famous operatic singer, who is among the believers in "Christian Science"

Well-Known Christian Scientists

Conversion to a belief in religion in the despairing panic of the last moment is better than no conversion at all; still, among the Society adherents to the faith are not only actual weaklings, but those in perfect health, who have been influenced to a belief in its preventive virtues, and, hearing of cure after cure, men and women have been so astounded that they have flocked to the Wednesday evening public services in the Portman Rooms or the Æolian Hall, and seen for themselves people healed of chronic ailments. As a result, they have formally enrolled themselves. Amongst the well-known people who have signified their adherence to Christian Science are the Marchioness of Bath, Lady Grey-Egerton, Lady Ashbourne, Lady Mildred Follett, Mrs. Luther Munday, the Earl of Dunmore, and the well-known operatic singer, Mr. David Bispham. It may safely be said that these people have been led to their acceptance of the creed by some actual realisation of its beneficial effects, and the effect of so wholesale an acceptance of Mrs. Eddy's doctrines cannot be under-estimated by those who watch great social and religious movements.



viii PREFACE.

Truth to the treatment of disease as well as of sin, her system has been fully tested, and has not been found wanting; but to reach the heights of Christian Science man must live in obedience to its divine Principle. To develop the full weight of this Science, the discords of corporeal sense must yield to the harmony of spiritual sense; even as the science of sound corrects false tones caught by the ear, and gives sweet concord to music.

"Theology and physics teach that both Spirit and matter are real and good; whereas the fact is that one is good and real, and the other is its opposite. The question, What is Truth? is answered by demonstration,—by healing both disease and sin; and this shows that Christian healing confers the most health and makes the best men. On this basis Christian Science will have a fair fight. Sickness has been fought for centuries by doctors using material remedies; but the question arises, Is there less sickness because of these practitioners? A vigorous 'No' is the response deducible from two connate facts,—the reputed longevity of the Antediluvians, and the rapid multiplication and increased violence of diseases since the flood.

In the author's work, RETROSPECTION AND INTROSPECTION, may be found a biographical sketch, narrating experiences which led her, in the year 1866, to the discovery of the system which she denominated Christian Science. As early as 1862 she began to write down and give to friends the results of her Scriptural study, for the Bible was her sole teacher; but these compositions were crude,—the first steps of a child in the newly discovered world of Spirit.

She also began to jot down her thoughts on the main

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subject; but these jottings were only infantile lispings of Truth. A child drinks in the outward world through the eyes, and rejoices in the draught. He is as sure of the world's existence as of his own; yet he cannot describe it. He finds a few words, and with these he stammeringly attempts the conveyance of his feeling. Later, the tongue voices the more definite thought, though still imperfectly.

So was it with the author. As a certain poet says of himself, she "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." Certain essays written at that early date, are still in circulation among her first pupils; but they are feeble attempts to state the Principle and practice of Christian healing, and are not complete nor satisfactory expositions of Truth. To-day, though rejoicing in some progress, she finds herself still a willing disciple at the heavenly gate, waiting for the Mind of Christ.

Her first pamphlet on Christian Science was copyrighted in 1870; but it did not appear in print until 1876, as she had learned that this Science must be demonstrated by healing, before a work on the subject could be profitably studied. From 1867 until 1875 copies were, however, in friendly circulation.

Before writing this work, SCIENCE AND HEALTH, she made copious notes of Scriptural exposition, which have never been published. This was between the years 1867 and 1868. These efforts show her ignorance of the great subject up to that time, and the degrees by which she came at length to the solution of the stupendous Life-problem; but she values them as a parent may treasure the memorials of a child's growth, and would not have them changed.

From the Bible of "Christian Science"

Two pages from "Science and Health," the little black-bound volume in which are set forth by Mrs. Eddy the tenets of the creed to which she has devoted her life

Mrs. Eddy's Life Labour

Proudest among all must be that courageous woman herself. A New Englander, descended from the Scottish Covenanters, she had all her life pondered over the saying of the Saviour, "Whether it is easier to say 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' or to say 'Arise and walk.'" For twenty years she

Society and "Christian Science"

Photo *Alice Hughes*

Lady Grey-Egerton

The beautiful and well-known Society hostess, who is a prominent subscriber to the now fashionable faith of Christian Science

Worshippers at "Christian Science" Churches

strove to trace all physical effects to a mental cause. At last, her own immediate recovery from the effects of an injury which ordinary medical methods had failed to heal, revealed to her how the Truth which had helped her might help the world. To-day, there is probably not a county in which there is not some little band of Christian Scientists working patiently and silently to demonstrate that perfect love which, in casting out fears, heals the sick. For ten years, with nothing but the Bible to guide her, Mrs. Eddy worked on. Then, in 1875, she published the first edition of "Science and Health," the Bible of Christian Science —two pages of which are reproduced in this article—which has since reached its 382nd edition.

Photo *Kate Pragnell*

Mrs. Luther Munday

Who, with her husband, the well-known theatre director and charity organiser, is interested in "Christian Science"

Then—and Now

It is out of the effort to put into practice the teaching of this book that the Christian Science Church has grown. Mrs. Eddy began by teaching one student. A little later, in the year 1876, she and six students organised the first Christian Scientist Association. That was thirty years ago. To-day, with upwards of eight hundred churches, with a great number of organised societies, with innumerable Sunday meetings, and with hundreds of thousands of adherents, the movement is growing gradually, steadily, irresistibly.

Photo *Thomson*

Lady Mildred Follett

Another aristocratic patron of the new religion

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

King Edward and the Dress Suit

A rumour has reached us from England which has raised consternation throughout France. King Edward—says the rumour—intends to do away with the dress-coat and replace it by something less offensive to the eye. In England, where the dress-coat is worn only after sunset, and has, therefore, been properly christened "evening dress," such a change would not cause much commotion. The case, however, is not the case in France. The *habit*, as we call it here, is, among the middle and lower classes, a kind of national institution. It was born in the year of the Revolution, and is the descendant of the coat worn during Louis XIV.'s reign, whose flaps were raised and fastened to a button. These coats, however, were of cloth of bright hues, embroidered with gold and silver. The Revolution, great at making, cut off the flaps, and ordained that hence-forth the coat should be black. In the course of time it has become a badge of respectability to be worn at all solemn functions; and it can be safely fore-told that should the King succeed in bringing about a change in men's dress, the bulk of the French nation will never give up their beloved swallow-tail.

A Sartorial Revolution

According to them, no marriage can be properly solemnised unless the bridegroom and his friends appear dressed in the time-honoured fashion; and the fair bride would look upon it as a personal affront if her escort turned up in frock coats. As regards funerals, I shudder when I think of what would happen if anyone were so rash as to attempt any innovation in respect to the men's attire. It is all very well for Society men, for ministers, for artists, etc., to be conducted to their last resting-place by frock-coated friends; monsieur of the middle-classes will not hear of it. He insists on the thing being done properly; and at his weddings, funerals, christenings, etc., "evening dress" must be worn, even if these functions should take place at ten in the morning. Moreover, the swallow-tail constitutes here a kind of official dress, and must be worn on State occasions. I remember, a couple of years ago, at eleven in the morning, seeing Mr. Churchward, the popular agent of the South Eastern Railway, walk about the Gare du Nord in a dress-coat and an immaculate white tie. Catching my look of surprise, he said: "Don't think I have had a night's fun, and

Mlle. Debat-Ponsan, the new lady house-surgeon, among Dr. Darier's staff of the Hôpital de la Pitié

am just going home. I'm only waiting for the President of the Republic!"

* * *

Jews and the General Election

As we get nearer the day of the General Election, the opponents of the Government increase their efforts to induce the rural population to return Deputies of "the good old school." It almost seems a pity these gentlemen have no chance of obtaining a majority, inasmuch as a Parliament composed of such retrograde elements would supply unlimited material to farce writers, who are beginning to repeat themselves. I am collecting the pamphlets issued by the clerical party, and were it not that I saw many of them affixed on the walls in some of the Brittany villages, I would think I had been hoaxed. Let me give you the translation of one, distributed by the priests, bearing the signature of M. d'Arthenay, from Ryes, near Bayeux: "The Government of the French Republic," says this remarkable document, "wants money for its electioneering agents. The Government, having exhausted its credit, applied to the Jewish bankers. Israël consented to advance the required sum, but wanted a guarantee for the loan. And as the Government had nothing to offer, it ordered the Church inventories to be taken, and the list of the property owned by the Catholic churches to be handed to the Jews. The money will be forthcoming, but the accursed race watches its opportunity, and, as their members know the value of the pictures and other valuables in our cathedrals, they will come down upon us. All these treasures will wander into Israël's pockets." Incredible as it may sound, in Brittany and the other dark districts in France, the peasantry believe these stories told them by the priests, confirmed by the ladies and gentlemen engaged in the anti-Government electioneering campaign.

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Woman's Invasion of Science

Paris Society has had something of a shock. There have been, at all times, Society women who have become painters, writers, and musicians, and these ladies have always been received with open arms in their own set; everybody was proud to know them. To-day, however, there are ladies, born and bred in the aristocratic Faubourg, whose ancestors have distinguished themselves in the many wars by land and sea, who are breaking from the conventional barriers. Young girls are seeking their independence, and are finding it in the domain of science, and this fact is surprising, almost scandalising, the venerable families that cling to the old streets and old traditions.

* * *

Lady Doctors in France

We have had several lady doctors in France, but last week six ladies presented themselves as candidates for the difficult examination of house-surgeon at one of the Paris hospitals. There were about 600 male candidates, and 540 failed; but out of the six girls two came brilliantly through the ordeal. Their names are Mlle. Jeanne Debat-Ponsan and Mlle. Landry. Mlle Debat-Ponsan is the daughter of the celebrated painter, a well-known figure in Society and an *habitué* of the opera, whose famous portrait of General Boulanger on his black horse will be remembered. Mlle. Landry is the daughter of a prominent barrister. These two young ladies, who had danced at the official receptions, and were known as charming and fascinating girls, have withdrawn from social pleasures, and are devoting themselves to hard study. They will be for four years house-surgeons, and will then start as specialists. Mlle. Debat-Ponsan will devote herself to children's illnesses and gynecology; Mlle. Landry to nervous diseases. Independence is at the root of women's study. There is a craving for freer movement and thought among the higher classes of women, among girls who have been educated in the limited sphere of the convent. But, in truth, independence is only achieved by money, and women are beginning to find this out.

* * *

The Latest Scandal Play

Society has received another shock in the form of a play. The blow has been struck by M. Maurice Donnay. He has attacked the foibles of the richer classes who are constantly striving to appear richer and greater than they are, which justifies the well-chosen title of *Paraître*. Everything is sacrificed to "appearances," and the marriage of a girl into a millionaire family turns the heads of all her relations. Although M. Donnay and his friends deny that this is a *pièce à clef—i.e.* where the personages are portraits—everybody recognises, or fancies he recognises, the sisters and wives of men holding important positions in the financial and industrial world. It was a clever rumour, and is likely to contribute largely to the success of the comedy; for the public here, as in most countries, is more interested in the whiff of scandal than in the actual merits of the work.

* * *

The "Crime Passionel"

The reproach, however, to be made to M. Donnay is that he has squeezed too many incidents into his play, and a very painful episode of a woman blackmailed by her lover that has nothing to do with the story. The fourth act ends with the husband killing his wife's *amant*, and here the play should have virtually come to an end. But M. Donnay thought otherwise; firstly, he wished to avoid the old trick of a revolver shot immediately followed by the curtain; secondly, he wanted to introduce a little philosophy. He raises the very important question of the right assumed by civilised man to take a life to avenge his honour. In other words, M. Donnay condemns the practice of attaching undue weight to what is called infidelity. A man may divorce his wife, but he is not justified in killing the man who takes his place in her affections. In England, where the term *crime passionnel* is unknown, the husband would be dealt with as an ordinary murderer, and probably hanged. Here, in France, a sympathetic jury generally acquits him; and, even if found guilty, he has a very light sentence. It is amusing to discuss these questions with French people, for they cannot yet grasp the idea of an Englishman claiming monetary damages, not always settled on the offending wife.

Lancelot

The Yorkshire Automobile Club

Nothing, perhaps, has so effectively contributed to the advance of automobilism as the whole-hearted zeal and genial *esprit de corps* displayed by the principal provincial clubs. Of these, the Yorkshire Automobile Club, founded in 1900, is not only one of the oldest, but is certainly the most important in numerical strength and social influence. The club has excellent headquarters at the Great Northern Hotels in Leeds and Bradford, where accommodation for members and their cars is obtainable night and day.

The Club's President

In Earl Fitzwilliam, of Wentworth-Woodhouse, Rotherham, the Yorkshire club possesses a president who is one of the keenest sportsmen in the kingdom, and his lordship is very ably supported by his vice-presidents, among whom are Mr. A. W. MacDonald Bosville, of Thorpe Hall, Bridlington, Mr. H. R. [illegible], of Castle Grove, Headingley, Leeds; Mr. C. B. [illegible]wshay, of Dewsbury; Mr. B. Bagshaw, of the [illegible]lars, Headingley; and Mr. W. Penrose Green, of [illegible]ls. The membership will include the names of [illegible]e 270 active automobilists, and there are affiliated [illegible]hes at Cleveland and Huddersfield. Mr. Charles [illegible]Vilson, the Honorary Secretary of the Yorkshire [illegible], has headquarters at the Great Northern Hotel, [illegible]s, where, with his Committee, he is now busily [illegible]leting the Club's programme of social runs, hill [illegible], and speed contests for the coming season.

A Successful Meeting

One of the most successful and ambitious motor meetings ever organised in this county was the series of speed contests conducted by the Yorkshire Club, on Whit-Monday, June 12, 1905, on Filey Sands. Eight events—of which two were open—were run over a mile, from standing starts, and attracted large entries. Club members were well in evidence in the events for touring cars — Mr. A. Masser (6 h.-p. De Dion), Mr. F. Churchill (12 h.-p. Hallamshire), Mr. A. Huntly Walker (15 h.-p. Darracq), Mr. A. Farnell (30 h.-p. Daimler), Mr. Cecil Edge (90 h.-p. Napier), and Mr. H. Johnson (24 h.-p. F.I.A.T.), gaining the principal honours. Very popular among members of the Yorkshire Club are the week-end and holiday outings, arranged to the various picturesque and interesting spots in which the many-acred shire abounds. Recently, Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald Bosville entertained members at their beautiful seat, Thorpe Hall, where, as appears from the illustration on this and following pages, the muster of cars was most imposing. Mr. Bosville, who is a D.L. for Yorkshire, and J.P., has driven over 15,000 miles, and is one of the strongest supporters of the Consideration to all Users of the Road League. His cars are a 10 h.-p. Daimler, a 24 h.-p. F.I.A.T., and an 18 h.-p. National. His touring motto is: "Good oil for the engine, and courtesy to all."

Photo *Leonard Willoughby*

Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald Bosville in a 24 h.-p. F.I.A.T. outside Thorpe Hall, Bridlington

Mr. Bosville is the Vice-President of the Yorkshire Automobile Club. He was High Sheriff of Yorkshire in 1900, and is one of the most expert drivers. He was hon. conductor of the Bridlington Musical Festivals. In the second car is Lieutenant Neville, R.N., Coastguard Officer at Bridlington

The Growth of Co

Photo

VISIT OF YORKSHIRE AUTOMOBILE CLUB TO ITS VICE-PRESIDENT, MR. MACD

nty Automobile Clubs

ONALD BOSVILLE, AT THORPE HALL, TO INSPECT THE GROUNDS AND HOUSE

Leonard Willoughby

The Connoisseur.

NEW TASTE IN POTTERY

To all who cultivate a taste for porcelain or pottery, there can be no higher praise than to say that a modern production has the fine qualities of antique Chinese. Yet such an *éloge* may be given to the work which Mr. Howson Taylor is producing at West Smethwick, and which has been shown in several of the important exhibitions since that of St. Louis. The sole begetter of this admirable decorative work calls it "Ruskin Pottery," although it appears to us to be too closely akin to Oriental ware to greatly please Ruskin, and to possess more the character of porcelain than pottery. Some of the examples which we show in the illustrations are of eggshell thinness and lightness; others of the quality of Oriental stoneware. These photographs also show something of the pleasing character of the markings, but the great charm of these pieces is in their fine colouring, which ranges from slightly broken colours to combinations, that result in some of the effects of textures, or even patternings, that compare with antique *cloisonné* enamels. Mr. Taylor says, in effect, that no moulding, casting, or machine processes are employed in the making, nor is printing, lithographing, or gilding used in the decoration. Pattern is rarely used on these pieces, but, if needed, it is applied by hand, and kept subordinate to the general effect—a piece of cunning well understood by the Celestial potter, but lost sight of in Europe, to the disadvantage of the greatest

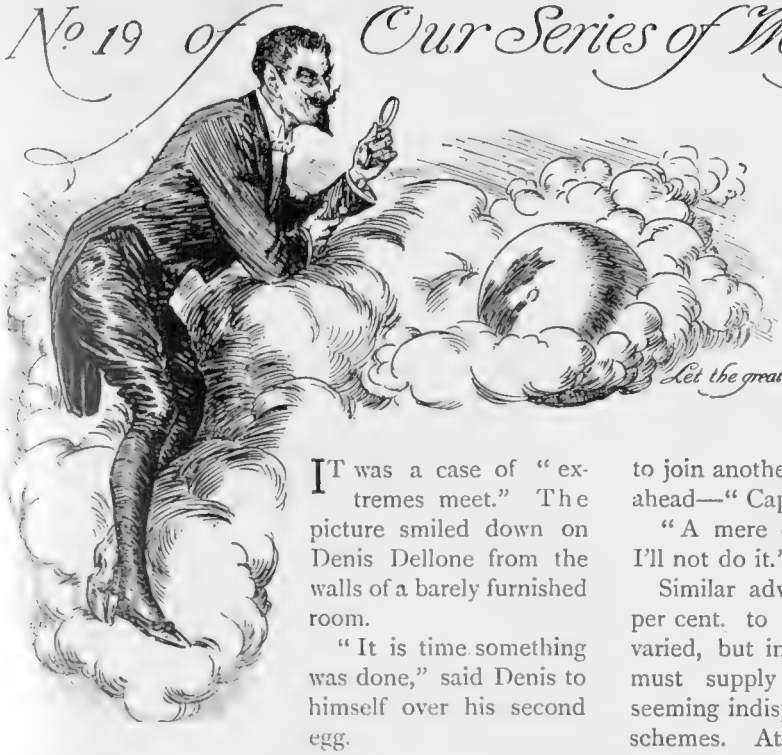
Latest examples of Mr. Howson Taylor's Ruskin pottery
Showing that the secrets of Old Nankin China are not unknown in England

factories, such as Dresden and Sèvres. In Mr. Taylor's ware the colours are incorporated with the glaze, and are, therefore, limited to the few oxides and so forth that well resist the great heat of the potter's oven, but the colour effects are almost unlimited, generally very beautiful and often quite surprising. The well-known *sang de bœuf* and rich purples and gay turquoises of the old Chinese wares are reproduced with many delicate addenda, such as shagreen, peach-bloom, lustres, and a shade called robin's egg blue—although the robins we have known had not blue eggs. The shapes in which Mr. Taylor has chosen to produce his ware have found immediate welcome with all people of taste. Most of these shapes are founded on antique designs, but there are others in which an agreeable spirit of originality shows. In the colours, also, there are shades that have not appeared before, even in the multitudinous single-colour glazes that have gone to make the fame of old Chinese ceramics. Such work in the potter's field as Mr. Howson Taylor has accomplished is invaluable, artistically speaking, and one may be sure that his fine designs and distinguished colours—fortuitous or intentional—will mark a period in English pottery.

E. M.

Other examples of Mr. Taylor's ware
The great charm of the pieces is their fine colouring, and in some cases their excessive lightness

No. 19 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



The History of a Connoisseur Deal

By DION CLAYTON CALTHROP and COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

IT was a case of "extremes meet." The picture smiled down on Denis Dellone from the walls of a barely furnished room.

"It is time something was done," said Denis to himself over his second egg.

The second egg, happily, made no reply.

For three months Denis had comforted himself, his lady, and the least insistent of his creditors with cheery sentence, "It is time something was ."

His grandfather, Shamus, had basked in the sive sunlight of Royal smiles at Brighton ng the Regency. The best part of the estate, horses, and the three beautiful pictures by bein had paid for that.

His father, Patrick Denis, had served his country crack regiment, had entertained as befitted the of Shamus, and had married a lady of undoubted rms and great gaiety of character. The remainder the estate, the silver, and the rest of the pictures, l paid for that.

The present Dellone of Dellone, by courtesy only, e Dellone was the property of a Hebrew Syndicate ho had turned the place into a health resort, had been triumphantly called to the Bar before his father's death, and was in the usual predicament common to gay and thriftless persons—"broke."

So much will give you the history of the Hogarth which smiled down upon a puzzled, but never melancholy, Denis.

He passed before him all the careers open to penniless young barristers, he even thought of the stage.

"To be or not to be," he said, stroking the cat.

Then he turned over the advertisement pages of his paper.

"If any gentleman, young, energetic——" He rejected that.

"Should this meet the eye of a gentleman anxious to join another in a lucrative business." He glanced ahead—"Capital required, only £5,000."

"A mere drop," he said, "a mere handful, but I'll not do it."

Similar advertisements offered 6, 7, 10, even 25 per cent. to the lucky investor, the sums required varied, but invariably it was a "gentleman" who must supply them, birth, blood, and breeding seeming indispensable to the furtherance of all these schemes. At last, when the teapot was empty and a third pipe lighted, did he see a glimmer of hope. A man wanted another man's help in a large fruit and vegetable farm in the South of England, active outdoor labour, a genuine interest in such work, and, after a year's pupilage of £100, a sinking of £500 only, and a third share in the enterprise.

Six hundred pounds! The idea caught hold of him.

And congenial work, true enough. As a boy he had been an enthusiastic gardener; as a youth, before the smash, it had been his hobby.

Six hundred pounds!

He owed two hundred odd, he had exhausted his friends, and his enemies were waiting for him, natural enemies—duns.

"They can't draw blood out of a stone," he thought, but he had still a little money left in the bank—about four hundred.

His mother had left him a small sum which brought him in a hundred a year, but he had been living on the capital for some little time.

The thought struck him—"Pay his debts—say three hundred, round figures—one hundred over, into this business, free—a third share——" He did not know why the scheme appealed to him, it was enough that it did.

Five hundred pounds!

He looked round the room and smiled. A stick or two of furniture, two or three bits of silver of no value—the picture.

Five hundred pounds! So his thoughts ran.

Was it worth five hundred? He turned hastily over the pages of the paper, came to "Sales," and his heart gave a pleasant leap.

Another "Worldly" Story next week

(All rights strictly reserved)

A Hogarth, a small conversation picture, had fetched £2,000.

Here was wealth In a moment, true to his race, he thought of throwing over the idea of the fruit farm for the present; he thought that he would live finely upon the proceeds of the sale until he had but six or seven hundred left, and then, hey, for the land, and banish Fashion for Denis Dellone.

There was no doubt about the picture, it was a Hogarth to the last touch.

"Fine Company" he had always called it since quite a child, so, he supposed, that must be the name.

Quickly he figured the thing out, down to the very journalism concerning it:—

"A wonderful Hogarth, hidden for many years in the ancestral home of the Dellone family, has now come to light. It reveals all the finest quality of the master's genius. The exquisite handling, the mincing attitude of the men, and the languish of the ladies, the wonderful painting of the interior, all go to prove that this, hitherto unknown work, is one of the finest Hogarths that has ever come into the auction room——"

He stopped there—auction room; no, the Dellone of Dellone, the future holder of a third share in a fruit farm, must not expose his wares in a public auction room No, he would part with it to a dealer in such works of art.

The Hogarth smiled upon a gay, whistling Denis as he plunged—one can call it by no other word—into his frock coat and its accessories.

Denis paused before taking the picture from the wall. It was his last family possession; generations of Dellones had looked upon the satire on "Fine Company." It was a beautiful thing.

"Well," he said to the picture, rather sadly for a moment, "good-bye, you grinning idiots, no more Fine Company for me."

In a few moments the Hogarth was safely in front of him in a four-wheeler.

"Tunnings, Bond Street," he called to the driver.

The carefully rude clerk of Messrs. Tunnings informed Mr. Dellone that one of the partners would be down in a minute. The Hogarth was not a large picture, and Denis had carried it in himself.

"Good morning, Mr. —— Dellone?" said the dealer, reading the card. He eyed the picture curiously, lightly, pleasantly.

"I have no room for this, Mr. ——?"

"Tunning."

"Mr. Tunning, it is a Hogarth, as you can see for yourself, and I thought of parting with it."

"Ah, you gentlemen with valuable pictures," said Mr. Tunning, eyeing the picture less curiously, more lightly.

"I can assure you——" Denis began.

Tunning shook a finger at him. "We know," he said.

"It is a very fine Hogarth," said Denis.

Tunning lifted his eyebrows. "Dear me," he said pleasantly, "I thought at first that my hearing failed me. So you call that a Hogarth? Dear me!"

"Of course it is a Hogarth."

"I cannot explain my reasons to you, sir," said Tunning, "but that picture is not a Hogarth. Ah," he held up his hand. "I knew your father's collection, very fine pictures, but this——" He bent over the picture.

"Sixty guineas," he said shortly.

For answer Denis picked up the picture and prepared to go. "I'm not here to waste my time or yours, Mr. Tunning. I shall take it to Vernelli's. Your offer is ridiculous," he added indignantly.

"Extremely sorry," came Tunning's quiet, benign voice. Denis had left.

At Vernelli's the same reception, the same offer—sixty guineas—awaited him.

He drove to Tollemache, in Pall Mall, to Watson and Dewsbury, in Pall Mall East, and with them all he met with the same charming, smiling method of ignoring his protestations.

"A Hogarth, my dear sir," said old Watson, "why, I should know a Hogarth in the dark by the feel of the paint. It is a good copy I will confess" —(here the telephone bell rang)—"Excuse me for one moment."

A clerk came forward. Watson drew him aside, and a whispered consultation followed.

Then Watson came forward blandly. Something led Denis, some light which broke upon his mind like an inspiration.

"Sixty guineas?" he queried.

For a moment Watson hesitated, saw the quizzical look on the young man's face, decided to be open with him, thought, hesitated, was lost.

"My dear Mr. Dellone," he said, "we must protect ourselves."

"By keeping the price down," exclaimed Dennis bitterly.

"And up," answered Watson. "A picture is worth what we choose to give for it. We can queer it anywhere, privately or at—well—a big sale-room. Trade, my dear sir, a queer trade is ours, and we must work together."

His frankness disarmed the Irishman. "You will sell it at some respectable figure."

"These things are done," said Watson.

"May I ——?"

"Secrets, Mr. Dellone, Cabinet secrets," the joke seemed to amuse him. "Come, now, I'll give you eighty and it's a deal."

Dellone hesitated a moment. Eighty pounds! Rather a drop from two thousand, but, still, eighty pounds was an advance on sixty. And with eighty pounds one could do something; whereas a copy of an old master—— "Very well," he said shortly.

"You must lunch with me," said Watson, as he wrote the cheque.

"I'd sooner lunch with the devil," said Denis, suddenly mantling with anger at the man's familiarity.

"Excellent company — a grilled bone — eh?" chuckled old Watson, as he handed him the cheque and bowed him out.

. . . .

When the door of Mr. Watson's private room had closed again, that astute gentleman rubbed his hands, chuckled noiselessly, and rang for his *fidus Achates*. Stone, as his confidential clerk was called, entered—a little man with a dry, parchment face, without a particle of a hair on it.

"I have done a good day's business to-day, Stone,"

(Continued on page 132)

A Grecian Costume Up-to-date

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Miss Hazel Thompson

Who is playing in the *Hippolytus* of Euripides at the Court Theatre

(Continued from page 130)

remarked the chief in a cheery manner. "Look at that picture."

Stone regarded the Hogarth, but without betraying any surprise.

"It's the famous 'Fine Company,' isn't it?" he asked. Everyone knew the picture existed, but its whereabouts were a mystery.

Stone had once been a wealthy patron of the arts himself, but having been ruined in this extravagant calling, had been given a job by Mr. Watson, who had helped to lighten him in his affluent days.

"I bought it for eighty guineas," said Watson, with another chuckle. "A young Irish ass named Dellone sold it to me. He went first to Tunning's, then Vernelli's. They warned me on the 'phone. I raised their offer of sixty guineas by another twenty. Stone"—Watson's voice sank to a hoarse whisper—"if we manage this business properly the picture ought to fetch about five thousand pounds at least."

"I'll go and see the other members of the ring, sir," said Stone.

"Just so. Offer them a division on the basis of a thousand pounds. I think they will agree. It's a generous offer. Also telephone to Sawyer at the *Daily Snippet* to come down immediately to see me."

All the well-oiled machinery of a high-class modern firm like Watson and Dewsbury was quickly set in motion. Sawyer was closeted with the head of the firm for a long time, and left Mr. Watson poorer than when he entered.

Their little arrangement soon caused a flutter in the Press, which, with the exception of one or two papers, began to paragraph the discovery of a genuine Hogarth.

From paragraphs the notices grew to quarter-columns, until one day, one carefully calculated day, a whole column, with a neat headline, gave the nation to understand what a chance lay at its feet.

As a next move in the campaign, Mr. Watson wrote a private and confidential note to one of his best customers, requesting him to call, as he had a picture just suited to his collection.

Mr. Felix Hochstein, a gentleman who dabbled in expensive pictures, and made a fortune in copper mines, arrived in Pall Mall with the pompous air of one who knows a good thing when he sees it.

The Hogarth, newly cleaned, rested upon an easel draped in black velvet, a black velvet curtain, on a rod, hung over the picture.

Mr. Watson knew the value of a dramatic moment.

After a cigarette and desultory conversation, there was a silence; Mr. Watson rose from the comfortable sofa, went to the curtain, and quickly drew it aside.

The little rings rattled. . . . The Hogarth was exposed.

"It's a gem," said Mr. Watson, "but I want ready cash. I'll sell it to you for fifteen hundred."

Within half an hour a cheque for fifteen hundred lay on Watson's desk, and the Hogarth found a new home in Mr. Hochstein's Mahogany Room in Berkeley Square.

For a week "Fine Company" hung between a beautiful Greuze and a small head by Van Dyck; then the third step was taken by Watson and Dewsbury.

Sawyer, the well-known art critic, whose position on an important journal placed him, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion—called, by appointment, upon Mr. Hochstein.

"Hogarth," said Hochstein, without a doubt in his tone.

"Yes, Hogarth," the eminent critic replied, apparently without much interest.

"A beautiful thing."

"A fair picture, fair, an early Hogarth—m'yes. Who did you buy it from?"

"Watson and Dewsbury."

"And you gave——" The critic checked himself. "I was going to put an impertinent question to you, I'm afraid," he said, smiling.

"I don't mind telling *you*," exclaimed Hochstein "It cost me fifteen hundred pounds."

A low whistle escaped the lips of the critic.

"If I may say so, that was a very heavy sum for that picture—very heavy; now if it had been the Greuze?" He looked with reverent admiration on the simpering girl's head. "I'm surprised at Watson asking you so much for it. A thousand would have been a good price. But, of course, I may be mistaken, so please don't tell Watson I said so"

But Mr. Hochstein did tell Watson. He was furious at the thought of being outwitted by a dealer, and he had such great confidence in Sawyer's judgment that, when he had entertained him for the purpose of sucking his brains, he was not going to keep silence. He hastened to Pall Mall East, and sent in his card to Mr. Watson. That gentleman glanced at the pasteboard and chuckled. "Show Mr. Hochstein in," he said.

Enveloped in a thick fur coat, smoking a fragrant Havana, but with fury in his heart, Hochstein came straight to the point.

"Look here, Watson," he shouted, "I've been a good customer of yours. You have had thousands from me, and yet you swindled me over that Hogarth."

"You must not say such wild things, my dear sir," replied Mr. Watson, urbanely.

"But I repeat it. I've seen Sawyer, whose opinion you profess to respect. He says it isn't worth a penny over a thousand pounds."

"Mr. Sawyer is wrong."

"Well, I believe in him. I say I was done over that deal."

Mr. Watson shrugged his shoulders.

"As you please," he said, "but I tell you—and one day the correctness of what I say will be proved—Mr. Sawyer has made a mistake."

"Look here. You've got to take this picture back, at the same figure," cried Hochstein, and, to his amazement, Watson proved perfectly amenable.

"Certainly, Mr. Hochstein. Here is my cheque, and now will you please give me a receipt."

Hochstein therefore had come off, as he thought, the winner, but he had not reckoned with the subtleties of the firm of Watson and Dewsbury. The Hogarth changed hands, this time with a difference. It had a money pedigree, and, more than that, fathered by the name of Mr. Felix Hochstein, the wealthy financier and connoisseur.

(Continued on page 134)

£50 Prize for a Title

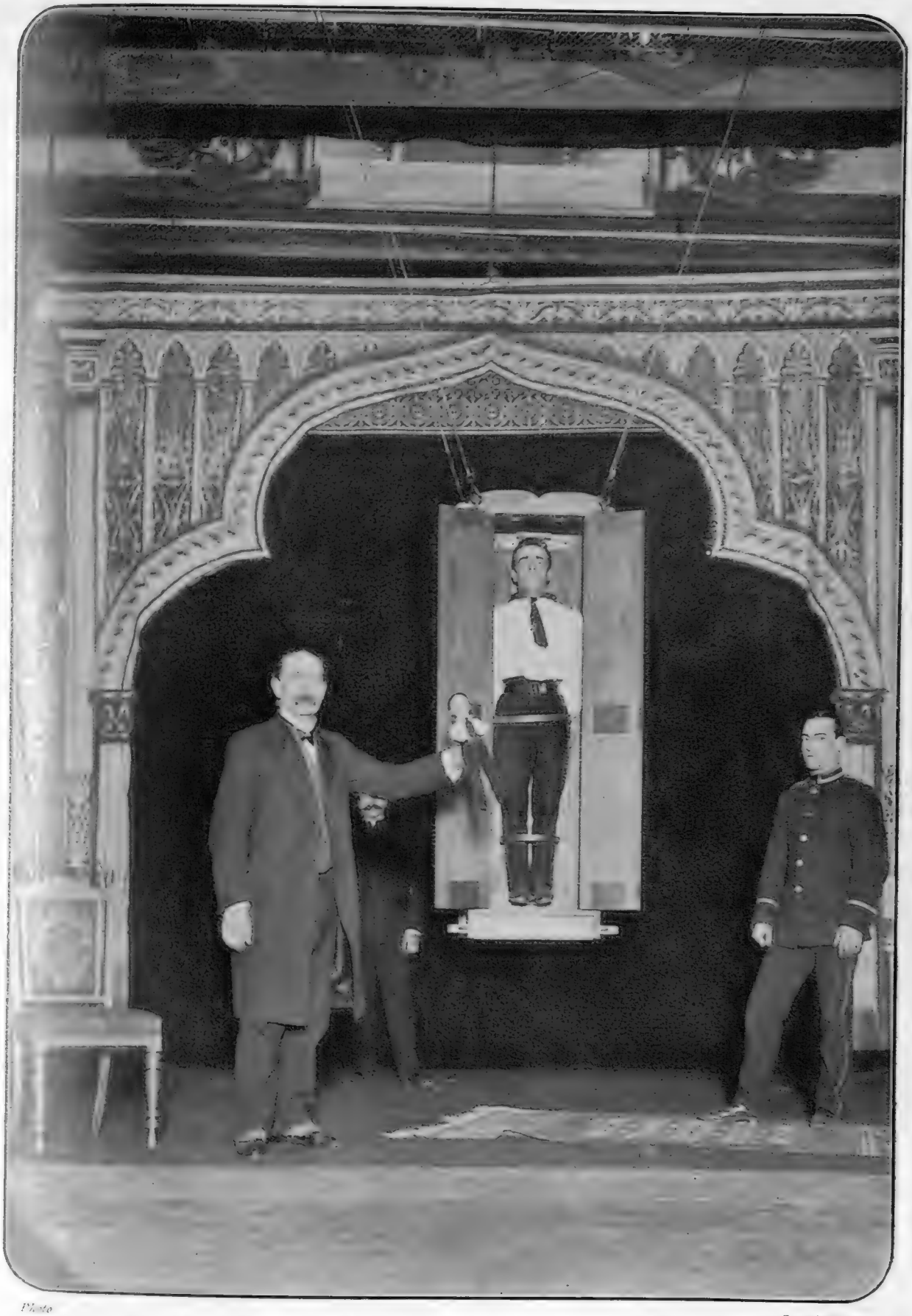


Photo *Campbell-Gray*

"A Trick Without a Title" at Maskelyne and Devant's entertainment, St. George's Hall

In the course of this trick a man is bound to an iron frame in such a way that he cannot move his hands, body, head, or legs. He is put into a cupboard, which is hoisted up clear of the stage. The doors of the cupboard are then closed. When they are opened, something has happened, but Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant wish to keep the climax of the trick as a surprise to their audiences. A prize of £50 has been offered for the best title of this trick

(Continued from page 132)

Mr. Watson and Mr. Sawyer met again, greatly elated at the success of their operations. The latter gentleman had the *entrée* to the Press, and thus mysterious inquiries began to crop up in the papers. One read a number of such headings as these:

"Will the nation awaken from its torpor with regard to Art?"

"Shall this picture go out of the country—Hogarth, our most English master, our great pictorial historian?"

"America inquires from across the sea respecting the Hogarth. The Louvre excited."

In a few weeks the boom, the national Hogarth boom, was going strong. Cranks on both sides wrote to the papers; cranks replied. The "Fine Company" was called a moral lesson, a disgusting episode, a sermon in paint, and the coarsest expression in Art.

People who knew nothing about pictures, and cared less, were persuaded that to lose the Hogarth would be a national crime. They subscribed half-crowns, guineas, larger sums, towards a fund started by an enthusiast, who headed the list with a sum borrowed for the occasion from Mr. Watson in a private and confidential manner.

An American gentleman, stopping at the Savoy, talked loudly of the desire the American nation had to possess a fine Hogarth; he, in fact, was negotiating with a view to taking the "Fine Company" back with him over the water. A reporter was suspiciously near at hand to take down his words.

The value of the Hogarth doubled with the competition, and eventually England bought the picture for five thousand pounds.

Watson and Dewsbury's profit must have reached an enormous percentage, but as they adroitly posed as patriots who were sacrificing their material gains, they added to their reputation. Mr. Hochstein tore his hair, and wanted to murder Sawyer for misleading him.

. . . . . .

Denis Dellone returned to town from a course of hard work on the fruit farm. Mr. Watson received him as blandly as ever.

"My dear sir," he said, in an expostulatory tone, "it was a very unfortunate matter from beginning to end. Mr. Hochstein bought it from me for a mere song, for I honestly believed it was worthless, but I afterwards repurchased it from him at such a high figure that I have only about cleared expenses. Still, I wish to be just. Here are notes for a further hundred pounds. . . . You will admit that I have dealt generously with you, will you not?"

DION CLAYTON CALTHROP and
COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Photo *W. Adams*

A performance of "Ion," by Reading School students recently at Reading

The object of this performance was to awaken interest in Reading in the writings of one of its famous citizens, Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, who was born in Reading, 1795. *Ion* was played on the night of Macready's benefit, May 26, 1836. In the scene depicted above, King Adrastus, mortally wounded, orders his soldiers to release his murderer and permit him to depart unharmed, recognising the justice of his revenge for the murder of his father, one of the many crimes perpetrated by the tyrant

ADRASTUS "Ctesiphon,
I give thee cause for this—believe me now
That thy true steel has made this revenge sure;
And as we now stand equal, I will sue
For a small boon—let me not see thee more"

An Arcade of Flowers

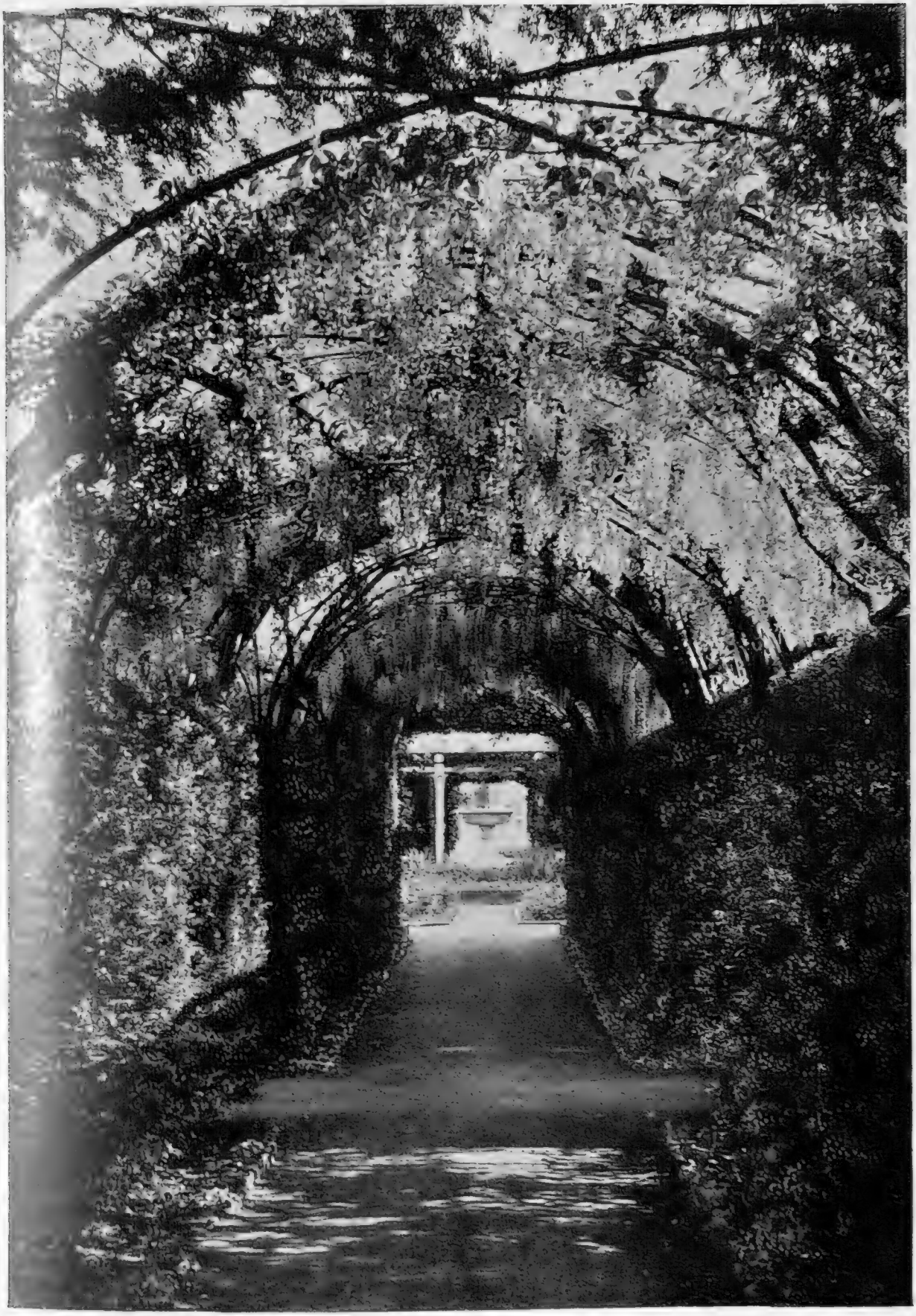


Photo *J. T. Newman*

Laburnum-roofed arbour at Ashridge House, the seat of Earl Brownlow

Otters and Otter Hunting

By "PEEP-OUT"

O'er yon dank rushy marsh
The sly goose-footed prowler bends his course,
And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman,
Bring thy eager pack, and trail him to his couch.
Hark! the loud peal begins the clam'rous joy,
The gallant chiding loads the trembling air.
—SOMERVILLE.

On Exmoor, the Devon and Somerset Staghounds have slain their last Spring stag. On Dartmoor, Mr. Coryton has handled his last May fox and stag-hound; foxhound and harrier are, one and all, jacked up for the summer. But even so, the horn of the otter hunter is heard in the land, and a cheery one it is withal, though in fair Devon Joe Cheriton's musical voice and winding horn will never again wake the echoes of Taw, Torridge, and Teign, or galvanise into fresh life tired feet and tiring hounds. Small wonder, then, that the lover of hounds and hound-work turns out in ever-increasing numbers to participate in a sport that brings out to its fullest the individuality, initiative, and intelligence, of every member of the pack, be he pure rough otter-hound or smooth fox-hound. For not only does the scent of an otter lie for many hours, even days, and thus provide the prettiest of drags or trails, but hounds have to hunt him in an element foreign to them, but in which he is thoroughly at home. There is no hollow under the bank, no drain opening under water, no tree root, hide, holt, or hover, above or below water, that an otter does not know and take every advantage of when he feels the stress of pursuit pressing heavily upon him. Some hounds enter more readily than others; old hounds being at first the most indifferent. But when once a hound has entered, it is the scent he loves best. It seems to burn his nose.

Crook Pool, River Lyn

How greedily
They sniff the fishy steam, that to each blade
Rank scenting clings! With quick sensation now
The fuming vapour stings; flutter their hearts,
And joy redoubled bursts from every mouth
In louder symphonies.

Roughly speaking, the pure otter-hound finds more favour in the North than in the West, where the fox-hound is more in request for tracking this amphibious beast. Nobody can deny the picturesque appearance of the otter-hound, nor challenge his glorious voice, that booms and peals like a cathedral bell over the face of the waters. But he is at best a soft beast, and very inclined to babble.

The vain babbler shun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.
His foolish offspring shall offend thy ears
With false alarms and loud impertinence.

Whereas the foxhound is staunch and true, puts in more work, and comes out to take his turn more often, and is, in a word, the best hound to mark, hunt, and account for his new quarry. Perhaps the ideal pack is one of an equal number of otter-hounds and foxhounds, or a cross of both. And for this work hounds want to be on the big side to withstand the chills of long hours in the water.

Otters themselves are more numerous than many people imagine. They work the River Roding, for instance, as close to London as Buckhurst Hill and Wanstead Park, for one of the Buxton's ferreting rats under the boathouse there some seasons back bolted a big otter. Otters also use the River Lea at Enfield, and have been seen under Westminster Bridge itself. Town drains and sewers are often a sure sanctuary for them, and there are, or have been, some within the precincts of Winchester and Chelmsford. Occasionally they get flooded out and are captured in towns. Exeter, the "ever faithful" city, once witnessed an exciting hunt after a big dog otter, and two cubs were killed in the streets of Honiton that had strayed from their eponymous stream. The tidal waters and estuaries of rivers are favourite hunting grounds with them, and they have been killed under the many-arched bridge of the little white town of Bideford. And two tiny baby otters were once caught in the bandstand in Rock Park, Barnstaple.

They love crabs and grey mullet and all shellfish, and even sea anemones. The shells of fresh-water mussels on the bank are a sign of their presence. Eels and frogs, both devourers of fish-spawn, the former of fry too, are their favourite *bonnes bouches*, and it is only a weakly salmon that falls a victim to them. So that, if not too numerous, otters are not the terrible foes to fish the angler would have us believe. Of course, if an otter gets into a pond or stew of stock fish, he will clear the lot.

One hears of otters of fabulous weight; one lately being killed near Canterbury was said to weigh 37 lbs.; but I, for one, suspect the steel-yards, for it is a very big dog-otter that weighs 25 or 26 lbs., 22 lbs. being a fair average; while bitch-otters seldom pass 20 lbs., and more often average 15 or 16 lbs.

Otters fight fiercely, bite hard, and die game. Some appreciate the trail work, when hounds puzzle out the windings of the otter's previous night's wanderings on his fishing foray.

See! how the morning dews
They sweep, that from their feet besprinkled drop
Dispersed, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range, then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous, or through reedy pools
Rustling they work their way; no holt escapes
Their curious search.

Others prefer the more exciting moments, when hounds have actually found or "put off" their otter and are actually hunting him. Both parts of the sport have their special charm, and it is a day that blends the two that makes otter hunters the most enthusiastic of all sportsmen, and atones for the many blank days that fall to their lot; for be it remembered that a pair of otters will fish some ten miles of water nightly, and are here to-day and gone to-morrow, veritable Bedouins of the Waters.

Otter Hunting

The Tumbling Lyn

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

A New Feature

This heading is destined, I hope, to become familiar to the readers of THE BYSTANDER during the flat-racing season. Assisted by the admirable illustrations of racing events which have always been an attractive feature of this paper, the writer will endeavour in small compass to place before the reader a commentary on Turf men and matters. Intelligent anticipation will be applied to races to come. One shrinks with some amount of horror from the notion of indiscriminate "tipping," but the opportunity will not be missed of considering the chances of probable competitors for the chief handicaps and weight-for-age races, and selections will be made when one's judgment and knowledge seem to point tolerably clearly to the probable results.

The Derby Favourite

A chestnut colt of beautiful symmetry and that appearance of good breeding and quality which we find in the majority of the best thoroughbreds. In height, just about the right size, as near sixteen hands as one can estimate without the assistance of the measuring standard. In action, the colt is still more attractive, for he gallops along with a long, yet easy stride, that takes him over the ground with machine-like smoothness. Such is the Derby favourite, Lally. Will he follow his two-year-old successes by carrying off the Derby on May 30? That is a question which racing people have frequently propounded during the winter months, and now that we are within measurable distance of the world's greatest race, interest in the matter is increased tenfold. One thing we know for certain. Lally has made splendid progress during the winter, and compares very favourably with others of the same age seen out so far this season. We are aware, of course, that the remaining three-year-olds whose credentials entitle them to be considered in connection with the so-called classic races—I refer particularly to Admirable Crichton, Flair, Picton, Frustrator, and that equine enigma, Black Arrow—have not been standing still since the close of their juvenile careers. But it is not every horse who improves in appearance and merit between his first and second years on the racecourse, and I think it can be accepted as a point in favour of Lally's Derby chances that he has unquestionably made excellent progress.

Dean Swift, the favourite for the City and Suburban

Mr. Joel's horse has proved disappointing hitherto, but many people expect him to score at last at Epsom on the 25th inst.

Lally's Good Progress

This was evidenced at the recent Warwick Meeting, when Mr. Purefoy's colt made four opponents for a £100 Plate look like so many common hacks. Despite the insignificant character of the race, Mr. Purefoy did the right thing in giving his colt this public gallop, and he is certain to become more strongly than ever favourite for the Derby. Lally's next engagement is in the Chippenham Plate at Newmarket on May 4, a race well calculated to prove whether—as many people believe—the colt is wanting in staying power. But it is quite likely that Mr. Purefoy will reserve his crack youngster for the more valuable Newmarket Stakes on May 14, in which Sir John Thursby's Bill of the Play may prove his most dangerous antagonist.

Bill of the Play

Lally is not engaged for the first of the classic races, the Two Thousand Guineas, to be run on May 2, and this circumstance may assist Bill of the Play to win that race. Upon the Middle Park Plate running and other form in 1905, Sir John Thursby's colt can scarcely be made out the winner of an event of this importance, but at Liverpool we had evidence that Bill of the Play is destined to play a prominent part in this season's racing. He is altogether a cleaner, more workmanlike animal than last year, and he fairly smothered his field in the Bickerstaffe Stakes. Mr. George Thursby, his owner's brother, will probably ride the colt in the Two Thousand Guineas, and I hope that this fine horseman—who has nothing to learn from the professionals—will enjoy better luck with this three-year-old than attached to John o' Gaunt two seasons back.

Favourites Start the Season Badly

Flat-racing cannot be said to have opened very promisingly for those who attempt to gain the upper hand of the bookmakers — a fascinating pastime in which the odds are always more or less in favour of one side. Those backers who have a weakness for double events fared disastrously, for nobody, so far as I have heard, was fortunate enough to couple Ob with Ascetic's Silver. Two 20 to 1 chances in the chief handicaps of the opening week, followed by Succory at 100 to 8 in the principal race of the very successful Newbury Meeting, should help the bookmakers to stave off starvation for a little while; but hope springs eternal in the breast of the racegoer, and there are still a number of the Spring handicaps in which the bad start may be retrieved.

Newmarket and Epsom

Many of the old school of racegoers, having ignored the attractions of Lincoln, Liverpool, and Newbury, will see their first race for the season at the headquarters of the Turf this week. It has always been their custom to begin racing with the Craven Meeting at Newmarket, and to end it there with the Houghton Meeting, and, despite the good races which are now run before and after those gatherings, they adhere steadfastly to the habit of years. We are promised some interesting racing at the Craven Meeting, but the general body of those concerned in the Turf are looking forward more eagerly to the Spring Meeting at Epsom next week. Not a particularly high-class lot of animals are entered for the Great Metropolitan Stakes on the first day. The success of the Frenchmen at Lincoln makes us regard the entries made by our Continental friends with more than a usual amount of caution, and having regard to the excellent form in France of Neuil and Nimay, I think that M. Caillault could win this race if he sent either of the pair across the Channel. Neuil is a good stayer, but I should take **Nimay** in preference, having been favourably impressed by her in the St. Leger last season. In the absence of the Frenchmen, I think Lord Derby has an excellent chance of winning this race with Princess Florizel and Gourd.

The City and Suburban

There is every prospect that this race will prove the most interesting handicap of the season up to the present. We have a Derby winner in St. Amant at the head of the handicap, and it would be a great performance if he should score under the big weight of 9 st. 4 lb. Then there is Polymelus, another high-class horse, who is asked to carry 8 st. 2 lb., and at the same weight we have Donnetta, who must surely be well fancied over a course that admirably suits this wonderfully consistent mare. Dean Swift ranks as favourite at the moment of writing, and by no means can he be left out of the reckoning, while Ambition, Velocity, Silver Streak, Succory, or Nimay (who may be started for this race in preference to the Great Metropolitan, though I should imagine she would be better suited by the longer course), Sir Daniel or Sweet Mary, and Queen of the Earth, are all certain to claim hosts of friends. I shall take **Donnetta** to prove the winner of this extremely open affair.

CARBINE.

A False Start at the Start(l)ing Gate

DRAWN BY B. BOESE

THE LIBRARY

Books to order this Week.

Miscellaneous

"The Poetry of Life." By Bliss Carman. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
"The Door of Humility." By Alfred Austin. (4s. 6d.)
"Elgar." By Ernest Newman. (John Lane: 2s. 6d.)

Fiction

"The Jungle." By Upton Sinclair. (Heinemann: 6s.)
"Little Stories of Married Life." By May Stewart Cutting. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5s.)
"The High Toby." By H. Marriott Watson. (Methuen: 6s.)

The Poet in Modern Life

In *The Poetry of Life*, by Bliss Carman, that popular American poet sets forth, in a series of chapters, the modern status of the Muse. The gist of his book is that poetry is a living force to-day, that it has a real function to fulfil in this and in all ages. Mr. Carman scouts the almost-accepted absurdity that the function of poetry bears no relation to morals and truth, that the beautiful diction and cadence of a poem might excuse a "conception of life and the universe patently false and puerile." "A poem," he claims, "must satisfy the mind with its insatiable curiosity and the soul with its love of justice." Again, he rejects the theory much in evidence, that a poet must live a life detached from his own age. The poet must see "poetry in modern life, its inventions, its discoveries, its ceaseless and venturesome activities. He must love his age, and understand it." Mr. Carman approves of Mr. Kipling in this connection, and is optimistic of the future of poetry, for he says that "in due time a greater than Shakespeare will arrive." It is consoling to know that the average man is not only not outside the scope of poetic influence, but that he is its ideal critic:

> To be a good judge of poetry, one must be a completely normal man, with a clear brain, a happy disposition, and a good appetite. If you are one of those weedy, dyspeptic, ill-ventilated, academic creatures, living with your nose in a book . . . you will miss much of the wonderful power of poetry through your own incapacity for sheer innocent, sensuous elation.

It is, in short, the sound, practical common-sense of Mr. Carman's book which entitles it to attention. Poetry has been subject to the reflection of so many distorting mirrors of late years that a clear vision of it is almost as unfamiliar as it is welcome and refreshing.

Mrs. H. Sant M. Lanyon
Who, in "A Married Bachelor" (Greening), seeks to prove that the novel of post-matrimonial life is the novel of the future

The After-Marriage Novel

Is the novel that ends in matrimony quite dead, and is there a "good field existing for novelists who begin with it and depict their chief characters during married life, in which are developed new unsuspected phases of character and temperament"? The theory is not mine. It is that of Mrs. H. Sant M. Lanyon, and is given in the preface to *A Married Bachelor* (Greening: 6s.), a book which claims to be a problematic study of the marriage question, as embodied in the personality of a man who has lived entirely apart from his wife, in preference for the life of a student and a mystic. Personally, I do not think that the novel which ends in matrimony is dead, or even moribund. So long as human nature remains human, the novel will be expected to "culminate." A story must have an end, and matrimony provides the most suitable end. It does not, of course, mark the close of the career of a young couple; but it does mark that of the period of their lives in which they are of romantic interest. The less that is written of post-matrimonial psychology the better, alike for the novel and for the purity of the public mind. The novel of married life must either be a story of action or of inaction. If it is the former, then there is, probably, a flaw in its morals; if the latter, it is dull. *A Married Bachelor* is claimed as a record of "movements, talk, ideas," which are the rightful substitute for "intricate plots, spun-out morals." But I am rather afraid people do not buy a six-shilling novel for "movements, talk, ideas." They buy a newspaper. With columns of "talk and ideas" emanating daily from St. Stephen's, we pick up a novel to get a change. Perhaps Mrs. Lanyon will bear this in mind in her next work.

The Bloomer

The gentleman doth protest too much, methinks. "Rational dress," most of us had supposed, has ceased to be a real problem; for what woman to-day, who really matters, remains to exemplify in her person the advantages of the divided skirt? Why, therefore, an impassioned volume, signed "Lato," entitled, *So-called Skirts; or, Why Girls Should Not Wear Rationals*, in which a voluble male sets forth at great length and with

much repetition the arguments against it? The "bloomer"—if one can speak of it in the beauty of the singular—has bloomed and faded away, not to be revived, surely, in our generation. Why, they even prophecy its antithesis, the crinoline! With the bloomer has gone the New Woman, who is very, very dead.

Chicago's Labour Life

The political atmosphere being so very Labour-laden just now, a novel which has Labour as its *motiv* arrives opportunely. Mr. Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle* is that novel. It will be opened with respect, and read, at first with surprise, and then with a series of shudders. It is a horror-stricken book, and it is a great book. It plunges us into an environment of which we have jested much, and shows us how little there is to jest about—the stock-yards of Chicago, into one of which, as all the world knows, the unsuspecting animal enters a hale and hearty quadruped and emerges—pork, ham, sausages, lard, gelatine, isinglass, blacking, allemande, fiddle-strings, and heaven knows what not. The book gives us the life of labour in Chicago. Its principals are a family of Lithuanian immigrants, man, woman, girl and boy, every one of whom is engaged in some branch of the great work—chief among young Jurgis and his wife Ona. Jurgis goes into "Durham's," a hale, strapping young giant, and the book tells us into what he is worked by his work, and what befalls his domestic happiness, his character, everything that had once been his. The book is a series of shudders, not produced by any sensational realism on the author's part. He is a realist, true, but a sincere artist. If the final impression of his work is sinister, it is because one realises the truth of what he has told us—*i.e.* the very dignity of labour in free America is its degradation. Youthful efficiency means exhausted middle-age. The drive and "hustle" of Packingtown turns hale and hearty youths into worn-out, demoralised wastrels and gaol-birds, with the same certitude that it converts pigs into pork. Let those who would see an Americanised Britain learn from *The Jungle* the truth about working life in its industrial capital.

An American Zola: Mr. Upton Sinclair

In "The Jungle" (Heinemann), Mr. Sinclair treats of workman-life in Chicago ("Packingtown"), with a freshness and realism that place him in comparison with Zola

"Music of the Masters"

It is, perhaps, a little early to place Sir Edward Elgar into book-form, as that most modest and retiring of musicians would be the first to admit. Judgment on a living composer is too liable to err on the side of prejudice *pro* or *con* to be of critical value. However, Mr. Ernest Newman, in the little booklet, *Elgar*, the fourth of the series published by Mr. John Lane, entitled "The Music of the Masters," is open to no such criticism. He has set forth fairly and clearly the information needed by the musical amateur as to Sir Edward's works, illustrated by many apt musical quotations. Where Mr. Newman ventures his own criticism, he displays a keen appreciation of the essentials in the genius of this master, and nowhere is he led away by either that fulsome faction who prematurely enshrined him as "our greatest composer," nor by that lugubrious crowd who will see no good in the man because he writes oratorios. Those who do not always agree with the critic's standpoint in judging music will find no cause for complaint in this little volume, which is both useful and interesting.

The Laureate—His Latest

It is good to note a kindlier feeling on the part of the critics towards poor Mr. Alfred Austin. On the whole, the reception of his new poem, *The Door of Humility* (Macmillan: 4*s.* 6*d.* net) has not been too cruel. Some critics have condescended, really, to speak quite nicely about the effort. For one thing, the very length of the poem, which is divided into nine sections, should have inspired a respect for the Laureate's industry, if for nothing else. It is a poetic record of a sort of Mediterranean cruise on the part of the Laureate, and aspires to tell us of a soul's seeking for a revelation of Nature's mysteries in England, Switzerland, Italy, Athens, Delphi, Constantinople, etc., and its failure to find it at any of those places. The result is largely what one might have expected. Mr. Austin has set forth hundreds of stanzas, of which the vast majority are pleasing and euphonious, occasionally a little obvious, and never at all profound. Nevertheless, the poet's temperament lurks under Mr. Austin's verse. It is not wholly bathos and rhyme-chasing. Now and again, especially where he essays to give one a picture of the country of his native land, he achieves a neatness and a gracefulness such as entitle his verse to rank with our minor classics. Mr. Austin lacks wit and the power of epigram, but he has facility, and often a pretty impressionism. *The Door of Humility*, despite certain absurdities which lend themselves readily to the eagle eye of the critic seeking material for cheap sarcasm, is not of a piece with the Laureate's official enormities. It is poetry of a kind, and a peculiarly English kind.

VIVIAN CARTER.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Mr. John L. Low

In the realm of golf, Mr. John L. Low's name is a household word. Ever since the early 'nineties, when he sustained the honour of his University, Cambridge, against Oxford, whether as member or captain of the team, he has taken and kept a prominent position among golfers. To give a list of the various deeds of "derring do" which he has performed would take up more space than I have at command. His collection of medals must be prodigious, but on this point I will not insist, lest I tempt the enterprising burglar to treat him in the same scurvy fashion as he treated Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Mure Fergusson. I will, therefore, confine myself to noting that in the Amateur Championships of 1897 and 1898 he won a bronze medal, while in 1901 he was silver medallist. This latter performance is the best he has accomplished, and those who witnessed his gallant fight in the afternoon round of the final against Mr. Hilton, when the latter was at the top of his form, are not likely to forget "Johnny's" miraculous putting, his splendid pluck, and his imperturbable good humour throughout that fierce struggle. He is an admirable representative of the Royal and Ancient Club, of whose honour and interests he is a most jealous guardian. He is a member of the Rules of Golf Committee, and is an authority on the rules, and has lately shed clear and much-needed light, by some excellent explanatory notes, on that vexed *corpus* of golf legislation. In addition to his gifts as a golfer, he wields a ready and facile pen, as his monograph on the late F. G. Tait and his book on golf bear eloquent witness. He is, like Yorick, "a fellow of infinite jest," and has often "set the table on a roar." In a word, "Johnny" is one of the best of good fellows, and a delightful companion, whether on the links or in the club-house.

Mr. John L. Low
One of the most popular golfing men of the day

The New Hotel at Sandwich

It will be good news to all golfers who love the Sandwich district, the Lothians of the South, that a fine new hotel is rapidly nearing completion. The hotel is called the Guilford Hotel, in honour of the noble owner of the estate of which the St. George's and Prince's courses formed part. What delights me particularly is the position of the new hotel, which is situated close to the Coastguard Station and to the fifth hole of the St. George's links. I understand, further, that an excellent road links up the hotel with Sandwich Station, and that another road along the sea front, running parallel to the seventh and thirteenth holes of the Sandwich course, is in process of construction, for the purpose of giving ready access to members of the new Prince's Club to their club-house, which is being erected just beyond the thirteenth Sandwich hole. It is hoped that the hotel will be ready for occupation by next June, when I believe the new Prince's course will also be opened for play. All those familiar with Sandwich will readily understand what a boon this new hotel will be.

A Boon and a Bell-essing

I have not a word to say against the Bell Hotel at Sandwich, which has served us well throughout many years, and which deserves the grateful thanks of many a golf pilgrim to the old town. But the golfer who goes down to play on a seaside course likes to live both near the links and the sea. Hitherto, he has been unable to do this at Sandwich, and has been either forced to forego the sea by living at the Bell Hotel, or, if unable to do without his beloved ocean, has been obliged to seek it at Deal, Walmer, or Ramsgate, with the daily prospect of a tiresome little railway journey from Deal or Ramsgate to Sandwich. The Guilford Hotel will, therefore, fill a distinct want. Its central position will admirably adapt it to the needs of the members of the three great courses, viz., the St. George's, the Cinque Ports, and Prince's. Instead of having, at the end of his rounds, to wend his weary way over the flats back to Sandwich, the player will now be able to remain by the sea and to inhale the breezy ozone blowing from the ocean in place of the strange odours wafted from the muddy river. The sleepy old town has been awakened, and finds itself now the pivot of a great and thriving organisation. The one feature lacking to this organisation, good accommodation close to the sea, has been supplied by the Guilford Hotel. Long may it flourish and be a thing of joy and comfort to all Sandwich golfers.

Ernest Lehmann

Toy Dogs and Bulldogs

Lady Aberdeen and the Viceroy of Ireland, both looking none the worse for their strenuous season in Dublin, were among the most interested of the many spectators who turned up at the Royal Horticultural Hall the other day for the Ladies' Kennel Association Show. Women's taste in dogs seems fairly conservative; they either have a bull of massive and terrifying exterior, or a toy, exquisitely dainty and tiny in appearance, but of a temper so fretful and snappy, that their vagaries have been known to drive maids and footmen to give notice, and husbands to swear and threaten to murder the "little brute." For these last Lady Kathleen Pilkington took first prize with her miniature "Tollington Peter," and for the former Mrs. Clarke took the challenge cup for the best bulldog in the show bred by an exhibitor. Among the exhibitors were Lady Clementine Waring, Lady Evelyn Ewart, Lady Decies, Lady Moor, Lady Eva Heathcote, and Miss Constance Collier.

Painting the portrait of a Japanese dog

The Entries

The entries on this occasion numbered 550, all the exhibitors being members of the Association, which is a proof that the "doggy" cult is still as popular as ever, so far as ladies are concerned. The arrangements of Mrs. Robson were generally voted excellent, and judging was over quite early in the afternoon. On June 28 and 29 next the Association is holding another Show at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, which is not to be restricted to members of the Ladies' Kennel Association in particular, but will be open to all dog lovers in general.

Royal Horticultural Hall: General view of the Ladies' Kennel Association Show

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

The Public Schools' Boxing Championships

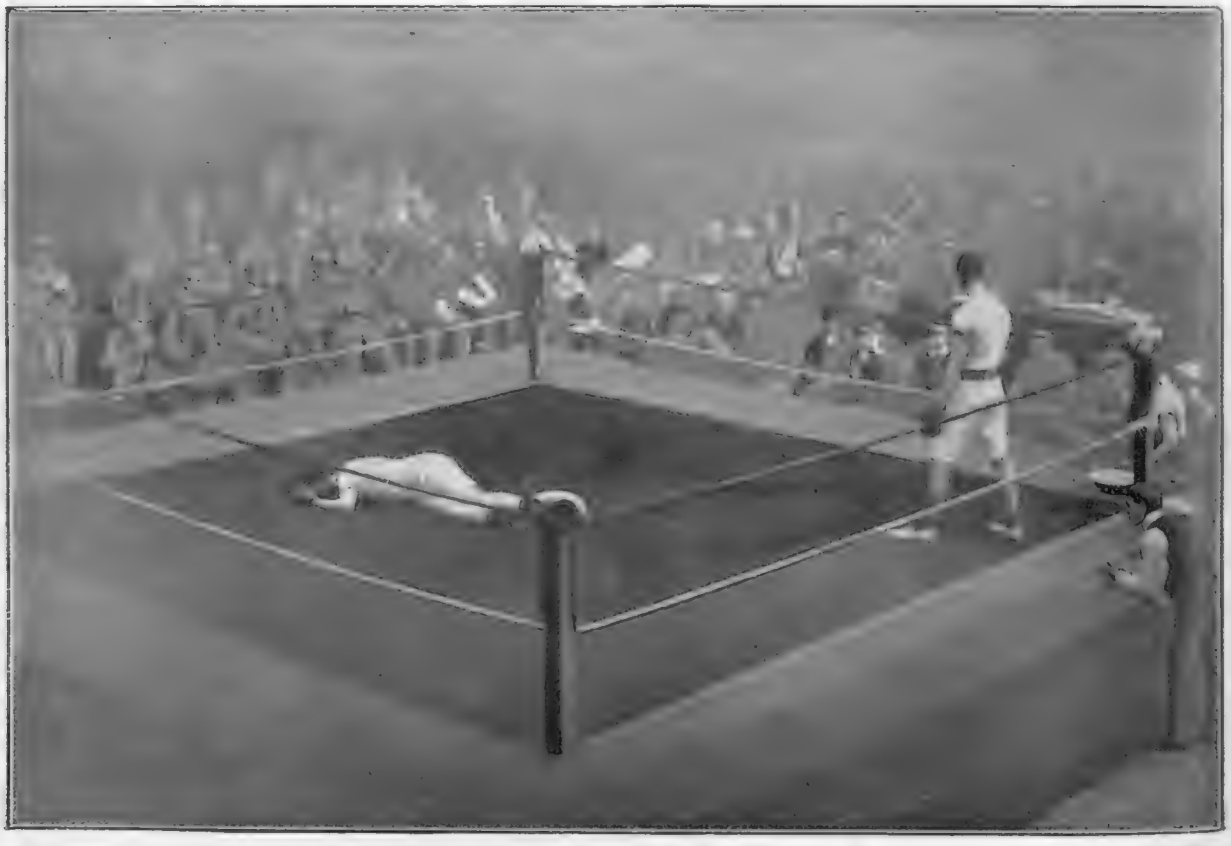
Charterhouse, St. Paul's, Clifton, and Felstead, were the successful schools in these annual competitions at Aldershot. St. Paul's, Clifton, and Felstead, also claimed a second man each. In the Feather-weights final it was such a near thing between Gabain of Charterhouse and Payne-Gallwey of St. Paul's, that the referee had to be consulted before the decision was given in the Charterhouse boy's favour. Shaw (St. Paul's), who won the Light-weights, was the winner of the "Feathers" last year. Whittaker (Felstead), the winner of the Heavy-weights, is a young giant of sixteen, standing over 6 feet in height, and weighing nearly 13 stone. His hardest bout was against Buller (Wellington) in the second series.

Rackets: The Doubles Final

The final of the Rackets Doubles Championship was a remarkable match. Up to the end of the fifth game it appeared that Major Sheppard and Ashworth were the stronger, though there was very little in it; but in the next game Miles and Dames Longworth completely gained the upper hand, and thereafter Sheppard and his partner hardly had a look in, for their total of aces in the last two games was only six. It was the extraordinary brilliant play of Dames Longworth, which brought about this unexpected wind up, coupled with superior staying power. Miles's play, by comparison with that of his dashing partner, looked almost tame, but it was in reality very useful and steady, and the fact that he made a run of nine in the last game must not be overlooked. Sheppard was the better of the losers, but, except at the start, neither of them served well.

Rugby Union: The Failure of the Western Theory

It is to be devoutly hoped that the season 1905-6 will prove to be the last in which the present system of trial matches for the selection of the Southern portion of the English Rugby International team is adopted. It owes its origin to the contention that West of England football is entitled to the



"Counted Out": Semi-finals of the Heavy-weights in the Public Schools' Boxing Championships

F. de F. England (Harrow School) knocks out H. S. Scott (Sherborne School)

Public Schools' Boxing Championships

THE FOUR WINNERS

FEATHER-WEIGHT (9 st. and under)
W. G. Gabain Charterhouse

LIGHT-WEIGHT (10 st. and under)
R. K. Shaw, St. Paul's School

Photos

MIDDLE-WEIGHT (11 st. 4 lb. and under)
L. F. Rickard, Clifton College

Charles Knight and Son

HEAVY-WEIGHT (any weight)
T. M. Whittaker, Felstead School

The Rugby Union Criticised

Dames Longworth

Eustace Miles

Winners of the Rackets Doubles Championship

most prominent position in the trials, by reason of the fact that Western footballers have more experience than others of Welsh methods. But after a tolerably exhaustive test, it is obvious that the West has not achieved what it professed to be able to do. It is true that we have beaten Scotland, and this welcome and unexpected victory has done much to deaden the sting of our previous defeats. But it is not much to set against two (or, counting the New Zealand match, three) tolerably bad failures, and the fact remains that the hardest nut — Wales — for the cracking of which we have been invited to rely mainly upon the West, remains uncracked. It may, of course, be conceded that under the old system of trial matches the West hardly got representation enough, and that, by comparison, London and the 'Varsities got a much better show, but when the Rugby Union devised a remedy for this it went to work in the wrong way. The pendulum was made to swing right over. Instead of getting *equal* representation with London and the 'Varsities, the West was given *greater* representation *at their expense.* They were lumped in with the rest of the South (as the West had formerly been), and the West took their place and was given the whole of one side in the South trial. This was a mistake; and ever since it was made London and the 'Varsities have had as much ground for complaint as ever the West had. Incidentally, the preliminary trial match, London *v.* 'Varsities, was dropped. This reducing of the number of trial matches was another mistake. If the field of selection had widened, the number of trials should have been, if anything, increased. The only ground upon which the then new arrangement could have been justified would have been that London football and 'Varsity football had deteriorated so greatly as to have become almost negligible. But this was not and never has been, the case.

A Plea for the 'Varsities

Some little while ago, someone writing in the *Sportsman* (I think it was Major Trevor) said truly that a 'Varsity Rugby man is always keen, always fairly fit, and that his pluck is like what Cæsar's wife must be. Here we have three most important qualifications for the making of an International. They are not the only ones, for a man may possess all three and yet be a bad player. But, on the other hand, they help to turn a good player into an extra good player, and that is the kind of man that is wanted. Therefore, if a man at the 'Varsity shows promise, he should be tried and encouraged while he is still keen, instead of being made to feel that he must be a Cartwright, a Stoop, a Mainpeice, or a MacLeod, before he can obtain any recognition. The man who is likely to improve is far more worth trying than the man who isn't, even though the latter may, for the time being, be the better player. It is really far more profitable to try one in whom there are possibilities than one whose form and limitations are perfectly well known; and yet, on the other hand, it is not quite safe to take the "probables" wholly on trust, so that even an old International has to be tried afresh to see how he is going on. The result is that under the present system, under which trial

matches are reduced to a minimum, there isn't much room for the people who ought to be "tried" in the true sense of the word, and many of them get crowded out. The 'Varsity teams get crowded out, and they ought not to be, because, for the reasons already given (and quite apart from their actual strength as compared with other teams), they contain the likely men—the pick of the Public Schools. Would it not be more to the point if the Rugby Union game gave the Public Schools a better chance of showing what they can do, instead of scolding them for not playing the game enough?

And for London

The case for London is almost, if not quite, as strong a one. There is still a good deal of useful English football played in London, but the fact seems somewhat in danger of being overlooked, because Blackheath, Richmond, and one or two more of the leading London clubs do not happen just now to be quite as good as the London Welsh, the London Scottish, and some of the provincial teams. But London is still the place towards which a large number of the best players gravitate, including many of those who have come down from the 'Varsities—some with and some without Blues; only they are more widely distributed than they used to be. Formerly one had not to look much beyond Blackheath, Richmond, and the Harlequins, for the pick of London. But now, owing in the main to the increasing popularity of "Ol! Boy" teams, one finds the field of research considerably extended. Therefore, the need for a trial or trials for the purpose of unearthing the talent of London is, in fact, even greater than it was; whereas, in fact, London has to take its chance with the 'Varsities and the whole of the rest of the South, bar the West, for representation in the South team, without any preliminary trial. Can it be wondered if dissatisfaction is expressed by some of the clubs that their leading men have no chance of a show? And yet, as things are at present, it is obviously impossible to give it to half the men who deserve it, and a "discovery" such as that of J. G. Birkett, the International three-quarter, only serves to augment the potential number of the undiscovered, of whom E. V. Oulton, the Old Leysian three-quarter; H. Galloway, the Lennox full-back; A. B. Barrett, the O.M.T. half-back, and J. C. L. Farquharson, the Old Alleynian forward, may be cited at random as instances.

More Trial Games Wanted

It may be said that the matches in the County Championship competition serve as trials. But do they? The County Championship, so far as the South is concerned, is a fiasco. It is unpopular, both with players and spectators, for a variety of reasons, but mainly, perhaps, because of its unreality, the outcome of the nature of the County qualification. And of what use is a game as an English trial in which not a man on either side need of necessity possess an English qualification? We come then finally to the club games, and here the difficulty is numbers. It must be presumed that the Rugby Union officials make it their business to find out what the clubs are doing and what sort of men they have got. But how can it be possible to make any accurate comparison between the numbers of useful men scattered up and down the clubs without putting them into a trial with, and against, each other? The same plea may be urged for London as was urged in the case of the 'Varsities. Let the young and promising players be encouraged and made to feel that an interest is being taken in their doings, instead of leaving them under the impression that except by a sort of miracle there is no goal for their ambition outside their respective clubs. And, above all things, let the notion that a man cannot be of any use unless he is a member of one of some three or four clubs be no more allowed to prevail. And in order to achieve the various objects outlined above there must be more trial matches than there are now. The London *v.* 'Varsities match should certainly be restored, and the West should play the Rest of the South, other than the 'Varsities and London; then, after these two matches, London and the 'Varsities could play the Rest of the South, as was formerly done, and the West would get adequate representation on the "Rest" side, or perhaps, better still, two teams—Possibles and Probables—might be picked so as to give the sides concerned in one of the two previous matches a better chance if they deserved it. But this, after all, is a mere matter of detail. The important point is that the West has more than its fair share of representation, that London and the 'Varsities should have, at least, an equal chance of representation with the West, and that, to that end, the number of trial games before the final selection of the South team should be increased to at least three.

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

The Eight Snowdrops, who dance the old English dance in "The Flood," at the London Hippodrome

This is one of the prettiest dances that has been seen in London for some time

FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

Is the Belt Defunct?

Much consternation reigns among the manufacturers and purveyors of belts as to the extinction of these popular accessories. Of a truth, the Princesse dress, Empire *modes*, and corselet skirt wages a serious war against their services, hitherto inevitable. Notwithstanding, I am persuaded, the ingenious souls responsible for their production will continue to fit the situation. And if one might humbly advise, stress should be laid on a decorative back view. The importance of the *arrière* aspect is so all-important just now, and invariably invites inspection when the creation emanates from a representative *atelier*.

Amazing Millinery

That millinery is determined to prove itself an all-powerful influence this season there cannot be any question. As I have already hinted, it is wholly impossible to locate any one particular style. There is anything and everything, from the infinitesimal toque to a veritable flop, that drops over the face in front, and is held flat to the hair at the back by crowds of soft ribbon loops. Although I am told it is heresy to say so, this last, nevertheless, strikes me as essentially an elderly vogue. Simply irresistible and so becoming are the little round Louis Seize shapes, a species of glorified French sailor, the back shot up mountains high on *cache-peignes* of ostrich feathers.

Under no pretext is an ostrich feather permitted to flaunt its charms in front, both these and ospreys sweeping over and across the tilted-up back. Among the best millinery, feathers have decidedly the preference over flowers. A real novelty is a high-crowned sailor, with the narrowest of narrow straight brims, simply smothered behind by ostrich plumes. An illuminative example recalls itself vividly: an affair this of curious dark China-blue straw, with green iridescent lights in it, the crown formed of strands of the straw pleated into tiny upstanding frills—the popular porcupine effect—divided in the centre by a puffing of blue and old-gold brocade ribbon that was literally inset, and in no sort resembled an ordinary drapery. Behind, there fell a very avalanche of pale Sèvres blue ostrich feathers. And just one more. A real emerald green Louis Seize crin, the crown crushed in round the edge, a regiment of ostrich tips, of palest tone, creeping over from the back, above a *cache-peigne* of green velvet loops. Picture this *chapeau* worn with a *chic* black costume, the verdant note repeated in various small details of the toilette, such as *en cas*, petticoat, and, perhaps for the daring, shoes. Does not the prospect please?

A Plea for Harmonies

Before Madame La Chiffon we may bow our heads in greater devotion than ever, in view of the fact that harmonies are among the leading notes of the hour. For the chiffon blouse, or slip, or chemisette, or whatever the conclusion to the corselet skirt is designated, there is an open field and a big share of favour, the transparency being toned to perfect harmony with the material creating the gown. It is related to me, moreover, on the best authority, that this trend towards a single *nuance* will declare an emphatic evidence in the cause of the Court gowns, and once the craze has thoroughly caught on, there is no telling to what length it may not carry us. Although such is my optimism, I am disposed to think the prevailing catholicity of taste and style to-day may save us from a reiteration that would even prove wearisome under such advantageous conditions as a harmony.

A Defence

Someone has taken me to task over my advocacy of coloured shoes. Now, I frankly admit the inadvisability of those who cannot afford a relay indulging in the fancy. But, for the *élégante* there is every inducement, provided only the best talent be employed in the building of the *soulier*. The inevitable tendency of all-coloured footgear is to enlarge, though against that may be placed the fact that shoes toned in perfect harmony with the gown lose considerably in outline. Where the dress ends and they begin frequently requires investigation.

Respecting shape, the new Cromwellian or Langtry is perfection, with its discreet little strap concealed beneath the flap to uphold the sides, and generally effect a hold. Of almost invariable employment now, for the arched foot, is a spring, which is moulded to the curve of the instep, but, being of sufficient pliability, just gives to the weight of the wearer. Perchance, only those who have suffered a long miserable course of ready-made boots and shoes will appreciate at its due worth this ingenious contrivance. Added to which, there is nothing more calculated to bring about all the ills that feet are heir to than persistently walking with the instep suspended in mid-air, an altogether undue amount of weight being thus thrown on the fore part of the foot. After which, I should dearly like to state a name, only that, by so doing, my praise might be discounted as inspired by some ulterior motive.

The latest cult in embroidered linen gowns

An original sketch by K. Pleydell Young

BRIDGE: BY PROBLEMATICUS

Ace to Four

There is one lead very common among bridge-players for which I have never been able to find sufficient justification: that is the lead of the ace from the ace to four, or the ace to three against a trump declaration. It is not only common among English bridge-players, and even more common among the foreigners with whom I play, it is supported by some authoritative writers, such as Foster, on the game. Their defence of it is based on the fact that there is a great danger of having the suit trumped on the second round. I do not find this danger so great. With an ace to five it is great; and if you lead from a suit of that length you must lead the ace; but with ace to four, or ace to three, the danger is not great enough to outweigh giving away the command of a suit on the first round of it. My experience is that for every once you find a singleton in an adversary's hand you clear an adversary's suit and simplify the dealer's game twice. Either he can start clearing out the trumps the moment he gets in, with an easy mind, or he can continue the suit you have so thoughtfully cleared for him, lead a couple of winning cards from it, and get a useful discard, a thing he could not have done had you kept command of it. Even if that ace is the only possible trick in your hand, it may be a very useful card of re-entry indeed; and by being able to put you in with it, your partner may be able to make an extra trick by getting a lead through exposed strength. Therefore, from such a suit I prefer to lead a small one and take the risk of the ace being trumped on the second round. Moreover, the fewer tricks your adversaries need to go out, the more dangerous is it to lead out an ace from ace to four or three; and this increase of the danger seems to me to demonstrate that there is something radically wrong with the lead.

Four-Trump Declarations

There is far too great reluctance shown by most players to making, as dealer, a red-suit call with only four trumps. Most players, for example, will pass the declaration on such a hand, at love-all, as:

♡ K, Q, 9, 8
♦ A, J, 10, 6
♣ 7, 4, 5
♥ 3, 2

But what call is left to their partner? A no-trump is improbable, a red-suit call even more improbable. He will probably declare clubs or spades. But if he can give you a no-trump call, the odds are that you will do well in hearts: at least, well enough to justify your not having risked getting an unproductive spade from him. If he can make a good club declaration, you will probably score more in hearts. The hand I give is an extreme case; but it shows very clearly the kind of hand you have to look out for, and make up your mind about. You will, of course, come to grief badly now and again on such a call; but you will find that their average success more than compensates for the occasional croppers. I see dozens of hands, which might have been quite successful red-suit calls, thrown up under undoubled spade declarations. After all, you have always the right to expect an average hand from your partner. However, you need to be able to play a hand for all it is worth before you make such a call.

The Menu: DIFFERENT WAYS OF COOKING LAMB

Roast Fore-quarter of Lamb
Lamb Cutlets en Belle Vue (Cold)
Lamb's Fry Stuffed Loin of Lamb
Lamb's Head Curry

Roast Fore-quarter of Lamb

Trim the joint, partially saw the rib-bones, divide the joints nicely for carving, cut off the shank-bone, twist the shoulder and fasten it into position with a wooden skewer beneath the breast; cover the joint with lamb caul or buttered paper, and roast it before a brisk fire. About half an hour before serving, dredge it with salt and flour, and baste it with butter, put a paper frill on the shank, serve with a little gravy made in the dripping-pan, the same as for other roast joints, and send to table with a tureen of mint sauce, and (if liked) a fresh salad. A cut lemon, some cayenne pepper, and a small piece of butter should be ready for the carver's use when the shoulder is separated from the ribs, to be placed between them. A fore-quarter of lamb weighing 10 lb. will require two and a half hours to roast.

Lamb Cutlets en Belle Vue

Take as many cutlets as there are well-shaped bones from two necks of lamb, and lard them with tongue or ham; lard level with the cutlet. Braise the cutlets with carrots, turnips, onions, celery, and fine herbs, on a layer of bacon, in a pint of stock for about an hour and a half, covering close all the time. Let them absorb the stock till nearly cold, then press each cutlet between two plates; trim neatly, then set them in aspic in a large shallow dish so that each cutlet has a thin mask of jelly on both sides. A cutlet cutter dipped into hot water must then be used to stamp each cutlet out of the aspic. Dish in a circle, fill the centre with a macédoine of vegetable soaked in mayonnaise sauce, and garnish with aspic jelly.

Lamb's Fry

Parboil the sweetbreads. Throw them into cold water, and when cold trim them. Flour all the pieces and fry in the frying-pan in a little butter or the fat of the fried bacon, which should be served with the fry. When nicely browned, pour a little water into the dripping-pan and thicken it with a little flour. Throw in a little chopped parsley, and season with pepper and salt. It takes about ten minutes to fry.

Stuffed Loin of Lamb

Take a good-sized loin of lamb, from which the bones have been removed by the butcher; spread it with a force-meat, made according to the directions given below, roll it up tightly, and tie it with tape at each end and in the middle, and roast until thoroughly cooked. Remove the tapes, and serve with some good brown gravy poured round the dish. For the force-meat, take the contents of a small tin of button mushrooms, chop them very fine, and mix with 8 oz. of breadcrumbs, 2 oz. of beef or veal suet, and a small quantity of grated ham or lean bacon; season well with pepper and salt, and mix with two eggs.

Lamb's Head Curry

Put a cleansed lamb's head in a stewpan with sufficient water to cook it, having previously blanched it. Let it stew slowly till the meat falls from the bones. When cool, cut it into small pieces. Fry a small onion in 2 oz. of butter to a light brown, add a tablespoonful of curry powder and half a spoonful of curry paste; mix all together with half a pint of good gravy, put in the meat, and let it stew gently for half an hour. Stew the brains in water five minutes, chop them very fine, mixing with them some breadcrumbs, a little chopped parsley, pepper and salt, bind together with an egg, and make them into small round balls; egg and breadcrumb them, then fry a pale brown; serve the curry with the balls round, and boiled rice served separately.

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A Woman's Note Book

A Serious Question for Women

A lively debate by a brilliant club on a serious question demands our attention. The question was, "Should women be permitted to practise at the Bar?" This profession has always been inhospitable to us. Why? Women doctors are quite recognised ordinary sort of creatures; why not women barristers as well? In the course of the debate some, of course, advocated one view some another; but it was not women alone who fancied that feminine barristers might be not only permissible, but actually useful. Mr. Mould, himself a barrister, would have lady lawyers, lady juries, and lady judges. He cites as an example such cases as arise in the county court, wherein a woman may be sued for the price of a dress. She declares it does not fit. In this case, so Mr. Mould would have us believe, the man judge is no judge at all. He has simply to believe what is told him. Well, it may be so, yet certainly great complications would arise if every judge had to be a specialist on the particular profession or trade which was involved in the case he had to pronounce upon. We should have then, not only *women* judges, barristers, and juries, but butchers, bakers, and candlestick makers in these official posts; in a word, every calling which ever existed would require its judge, and refuse to bow to the sentence of any other. Nor would mere women—as mere women—be found to be the very first requirement; experts of one kind or another would be the primary need. Any given woman is not necessarily an expert on every point which is supposed to require a feminine decision—far from it; some of us, indeed, are not experts on *any*. Nor is the dress a vital question. I feel inclined to disagree with Mr. Mould in his assertion that the judge would be at a loss in such a case. It is not truly very difficult for a man to see when a woman's dress fits exceedingly badly; he might, I grant, be stranded were he required to put it right.

The Persuasive Sex

Surely, the most urgent plea for letting women practise as barristers, is that they are so persuasive. In this profession, the all-important point—to the barrister and his client—is that he (or the *she* of the future) shall win the case entrusted to him. Therefore, of course, he must be able to talk, to catch the attention, to make the most of each point, to seize opportunities, to make black seem white till there is no suspicion in anyone's mind that it never was black at all. Now, in all these points, woman is an adept. Of course she is; she began like that—didn't she persuade Adam? Hasn't she persuaded the whole world ever since, and kept it spinning so cheerfully or dragged it down, just in whichever way you chose to think of it? Yes, for anything demanding subtlety, I advocate that the world should at once decide to employ women. Let there be women barristers by the score, but no women juries, and no—*never* a woman judge. I would not like to be traitor enough to my sisters to hint that their decisions would not always be fair, nor even that they might be marked by bias or strong prejudice. I would merely say that when we have got our women barristers, we shall certainly require a man to disentangle (if he can) the thread of their subtleties, and wisely to curb their conversational powers, for even a barrister, more especially a feminine one, may talk too much and too long.

A Topsy-Turvy World

It used to be a complaint that man outdid woman in all her own particular occupations (I think rocking the cradle was an exception). Men made better cooks, better tailors—even in the manufacture of woman's dresses—better waiters, better hairdressers. In almost every art which would seem to require a woman's fingers, man was quicker, neater, more deft, and more artistic; but now the time seems to be approaching rapidly when man is to be ousted in his own spheres of action. Women do work, and thrive upon it, for which we would at one time have considered them physically incapable; they perform mental feats for which we would, in former days, have declared them totally unfit. Have we, after all, mistaken our own vocations, so that it is necessary we should play at general post in order to change places? Certainly the world seems either to *have been*, or at present to be, somewhat topsy-turvy.

LADY PHYLLIS.

APPROACHING SUMMER JOYS: A RIDE THROUGH THE SURF